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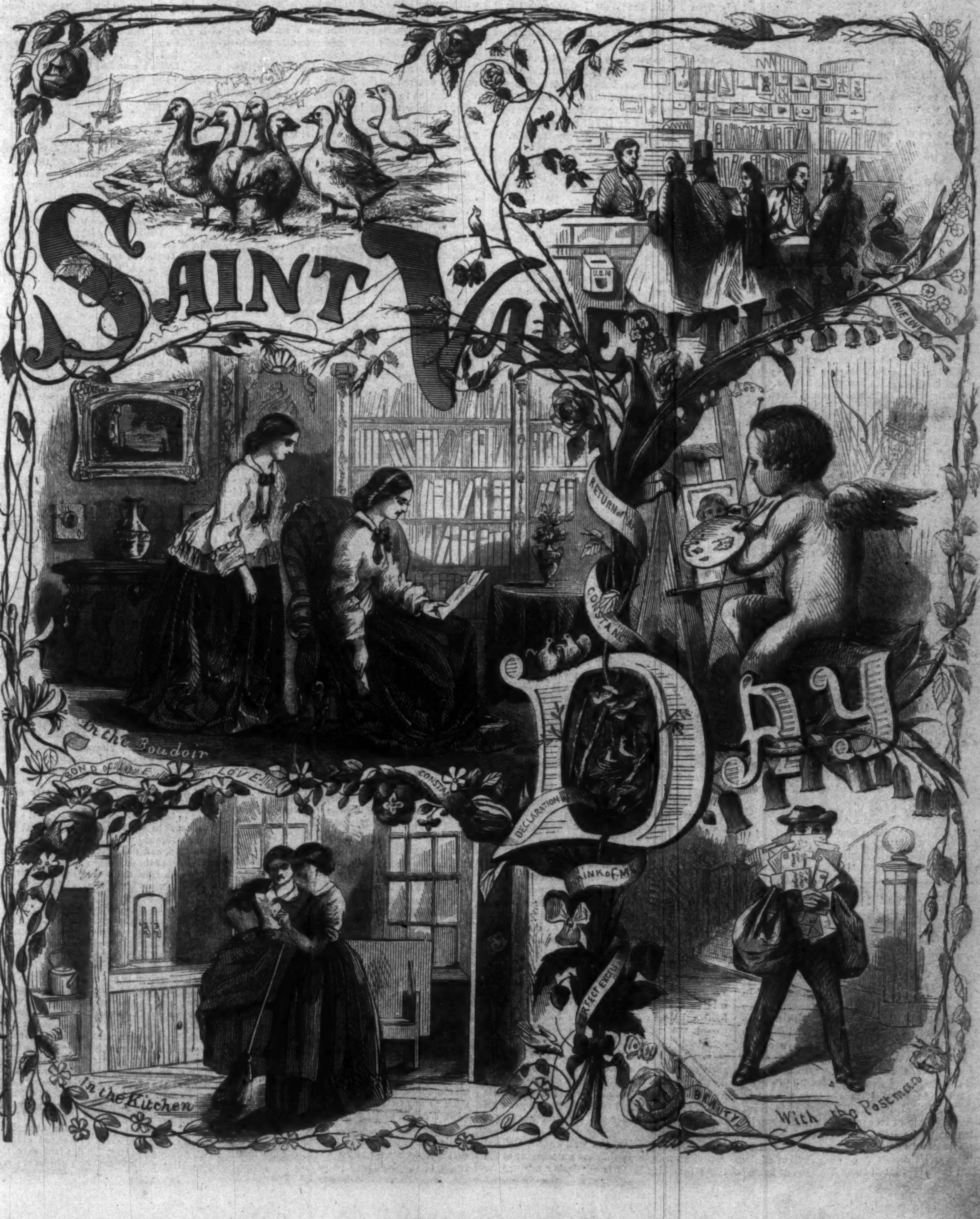

Saint Valentine's
Day
U.S.M.
True Love
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In the Boudoir
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Love
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Perfect Excell
Beauty
In the Kitchen
With the Postman

JAN THE HAWKER.

HEAVILY, heavily hangs the sky,
All dull and glazed as a dead man's eye;
The clouds in the north are sullen and low,
Bulging and bursting with ominous snow;
The world looks numb, and the air is chill,
As Jan the hawker comes over the hill.

Tall and strong and lusty is he;
Lithe in his limbs as a sapling tree;
No better man in the country round,
In wrestling ring or on foot-ball ground;
No fleeter foot, or no stronger hand,
Nor a kindlier heart is in all the land.

Jan is clad in his best array,
His face is bright and rosy and gay,
And the cocker spaniels that dog his heel
A sense of holiday seem to feel;
And each to attract his attention tries,
As they look in his face with their great brown eyes.

A quaint old gauntlet gloves his hand,
Curiously broidered in seam and band;
And there with jesses and silver bell
Is sitting the Merlin he loves so well,
Pluming each feather that sits awry,
And ringing the world with its lustrous eye.

The villagers smile as Jan goes by,
And the maidens follow with envious eye;
For well do they know where Jan is bound—
Over thirty long miles of ground,
Over the moorland far below,
And up to the hills where the cold winds blow.

'Tis just a twelvemonth, lacking a day,
Since Jan was plighted to Bessie Gray;
And once a month, in shine or storm,
He trudges across to her father's farm;
While the girls of the village they pout and sneer,
And think that he might have looked more near.

Cutting and cold the north winds blow;
Heavily, heavily falls the snow;
Night and day, and day and night,
Falling and drifting silent and white;
Choking the highway and thickening the air,
And drowning the landmarks every where.

And so till Sunday the storm keeps on;
The buried country looks white and wan;
The rustics have plodded their way to church,
And gossiping stand in the old stone porch;
When they hear a shout and a murmurous din,
And Bessie's father comes staggering in.

"Jan is lost in the snow!" he cries,
With a terrible fear in his haggard eyes.
"Last night at my door I heard a moan,
And there stood the lad's three dogs alone;
Thin and famished with hunger and thirst,
And howling as if their hearts would burst."

He scarce has finished ere fifty men
Are speeding over the snow again:
Over the moorland and up in the hill,
Where the drifts are lying quiet and still,
Shouting and whistling and calling Jan,
But with never a trace of the missing man.

White, all white, so white and cold,
Whiteness covering forest and wold!
Every outline is smooth and fair:
A breathless hush in the drowsy air;
Earth is so quiet that none might know
Of the terrible secret beneath the snow!

Old Farmer Gray comes toiling on;
Hope and strength are well-high gone.
He shouts and shouts through the dreary sky;
He stops and listens—but no reply!
And then he thinks of Bessie at home,
Waiting for him who never will come!

Hark! Is that the scream of a hawk?
The farmer stops in his weary walk.
Again and again! His ear is sure,
So he whistles the hawker's favorite lure;
And he hears the scream, and the silver bell,
The bell of the Merlin he knows so well.

Calling, shouting, and whistling still,
He dashes lustily up the hill;
Till, lo! from the midst of a long white rift,
He sees one gauntleted hand uplift,
And on't the Merlin, with jess and bell,
Tearing the flesh that it loved so well.

Heavily, heavily hangs the sky,
As dull and glazed as the dead man's eye.
Heavily hangs the lusty length
Of Jan, the model of manful strength;
And heavy the heart of Farmer Gray
As he mourns with his daughter that sorrowful day.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1861.

COTTON SUPPLY.

OUR Revolution has created a cotton panic in Europe. Merchants and statesmen foresee contingencies which may interfere with the production of cotton in this country; and they are peering round eagerly in search of new cotton fields. India, Australia, the Mediterranean shores, Africa, the West Indies, Central America, and Brazil are summoned loudly to supply the anticipated deficit in the cotton product from the United States. The British Government has directed its consuls to devote especial attention to the subject of cotton culture; and large sums of money have been subscribed by millers and factors for the development of the plant in various localities. A glance at figures may perhaps shed some light upon the prospects of the new movement.

Europe derives its cotton supply from five sources—the United States, Brazil, the West Indies, the East Indies, and Egypt. During the year 1860 the European consumption was 4,532,000 bales, distributed as follows:

From the United States	3,648,000	bales.
From Brazil	106,000	"
From the West Indies	47,000	"
From the East Indies	573,000	"
From Egypt	158,000	"
Total	4,532,000	"

If we look back a few years we shall find that the proportion has not varied materially. Counting by thousands of bales, the cotton supply of Europe has been as follows for the past seven years:

	1854.	1855.	1856.	1857.	1858.	1859.	1860.
From the U. S.	2430	2352	2822	2275	2778	3030	3648
From Brazil	126	165	158	190	126	130	106
From West I.	31	31	31	38	34	80	47
From East I.	308	393	472	738	460	514	573
From Egypt	165	194	182	130	157	149	158
Total	3060	3135	3665	3371	3555	3853	4532

It will thus be perceived that while there has been no perceptible increase in the cotton supply from Brazil, the West Indies, and Egypt during the past seven years, the supply from the United States and from the East Indies has increased fifty per cent.

The price has generally been governed by the condition of the crops in this country. When it became known in Europe that the supply from the United States in 1857 would be short, the price rose, in October of that year, to 9⅜*d.* a pound at Liverpool; it fell last year, on the advices of a very handsome crop, to 5¾*d.* in July.

From the fact that strenuous efforts have been made for many years to increase the production of Egypt, the West Indies, and Brazil, while the above table shows that they yield no more now than they did in 1854, it may be inferred that they have reached their maximum product, and that no exertions of the European cotton-spinners can extract from them more cotton than they now export.

The question whether Europe can obtain cotton from countries outside of the United States turns upon the capabilities of the British dominions in India, and upon the development of the plant in new regions.

As to British India. In 1857, it is shown above that British India exported 738,000 bales; the bale being, however, as we suppose, of 220 pounds only, the total product was not quite equal to 369,000 American bales. Can this product be increased eight or ten fold? On the face of it, such a development seems impossible. Still, it is as well to look things in the face, and it must be admitted that there are reasons for expecting a very large increase of cotton supply from India. Since 1857 that country has passed out of the hands of the East India Company. The obstacles which that corporation systematically threw in the way of individual enterprise are now removed. Englishmen and English companies may now grow cotton in any part of India with the approval of the Government—a thing which was impossible under the Company's *régime*. It is reasonable to suppose, on the one hand, that the new Government of India will offer every encouragement to cotton culture, and, on the other, that the fears of the European spinners, aroused by the revolution in our Southern States, will stimulate them to offer liberal encouragement to the growth of Indian cotton. Labor is cheaper in India than in our Southern States; every variety of climate can be found; and there is no difficulty in procuring skilled managers and machinery. Under ordinary circumstances, the proximity of our cotton-fields to the work-shops of Europe would have afforded them an insurmountable advantage over Indian rivals; but if politics are to disturb our agriculture and our commerce, who can foresee the result?

It is argued by European political economists that a very large section of the world's surface is adapted to the growth of cotton; that it is not indigenous to the Slave States of this country; that it may be produced even to better advantage elsewhere. For instance:

Dr. Livingstone reports that cotton grows wild throughout the regions of Central Africa which he has explored, and that the establishment of friendly commercial relations would lead to the cultivation of the plant on an extended scale for export. This region lies on rivers whose mouth is on the eastern shore of Africa.

Cotton is already freely grown for export in the region through which the Niger flows, in Western Africa. One port—Abeokuta—is said to have increased its cotton export from half a bale in 1850 to 2000 bales in 1860. Could the supply from this source be increased?

The Emperor of the French has had careful surveys made of Algeria, with a view to the development of its capacity as a cotton-growing region. It is reported in the Paris journals that they have proved that Algeria can grow all the cotton needed for the consumption of the French mills.

Mr. E. G. Squier, the well-known Central American traveler, publishes a statement to the effect that Honduras is admirably adapted for the growth of cotton; that the plant, which is annual on our sea-islands, is perennial there, and reaches a growth unknown to our latitudes.

Finally, writers in European journals predict a speedy development of cotton culture on shores of the Mediterranean which have never grown a pound of the staple, but which are said to be adapted to its production; and other writers, alluding to the enormous production of cotton in China, affirm that if attention were directed to the subject, an ample supply could be obtained from thence.

These are the principal countries to which Europeans are looking for a supply of cotton—in view of a probable failure of the supply from the United States.

It may be remarked that to produce cotton equal to that of our Slave States, not only climate, but labor, is required. The product of our Slave States could be doubled if they had twice as many negroes to work the cotton fields. And it will serve the European spinners but little to discover soil and climate suited to the growth of cotton, if they can not likewise find laborers to cultivate the plant. This deficiency will at once prove fatal to the proposed culture of cotton in Australia, for instance, which does not contain laborers; and in the West Indies, where cotton might have been grown to any extent if labor had been forthcoming.

Whether the free negroes of Africa, in the regions watered by the Zambesi and the Niger, will consent to work sedulously for whole seasons, in order to develop fairly the capabilities of the soil to produce cotton, is one of those problems which can only be solved by experience: Dr. Livingstone and the agents of certain Cotton Supply Associations seem to be sanguine that they will; the experience of Jamaica is on the side of the negative.

It is understood that the Emperor of the French proposes to procure labor from China. Contracts are said to have been made by his agents for large supplies of coolie laborers for Algeria. A similar policy has been pursued by Great Britain for some time past; Trinidad, and other West India Islands, are supplied with coolie labor, and their crops are raised almost entirely by coolies. If a system of coolie emigration from Hindostan and China be once established on a permanent basis, no limits can be set to the amount of labor which can thus be obtained. China is said to contain 400,000,000, and Hindostan 150,000,000 inhabitants. Under energetic management, half a million laborers could be conveyed annually from these countries to new cotton fields; and in ten years Algeria might contain three or four millions of coolie cotton-producers.

The attempts which have been so often made by Europe to emancipate itself from dependence on this country for cotton have, hitherto, invariably failed. It is well, however, that our success and our good fortune in the past should not render us careless of the proceedings which are being had to dethrone King Cotton in the future.

STAY LAWS.

WE trust that our Southern friends will believe that we have no partisan purpose in view if we direct their attention to the fatal consequences of the stay laws which are now being enacted in certain Southern States. Such measures are calculated to do far more injury to the people of the States which enact them than to the creditors whom they defraud of their just dues. Yet Georgia has already passed an act postponing the compulsory collection of debts till New-Year 1862; similar measures are pending before the Legislatures of Alabama and South Carolina, and have been broached in Mississippi and Louisiana.

According to the Constitution of the United States (Art. I., sect. 10) "no State...shall pass any...law impairing the obligation of contracts." Under this section it is probable that the Supreme Court would decree the invalidity of State stay laws. If, however, it should be urged either, on the one hand, that a postponement of writs of execution does not impair the original validity of contracts, or, on the other, that States which have seceded are no longer bound by the Constitution of the United States, it would nevertheless remain obvious that the practical effect of stay laws must be detrimental to the communities which enact them.

For credit is the life and soul of trade, enterprise, and material prosperity; and laws impairing or postponing the just claims of creditors are necessarily fatal to credit.

For many years our Southern States have enjoyed first-rate credit, both at the North and abroad. Southern obligations have always been preferred in New York to obligations from the East or West. For instance, it has been estimated that the South owes the North at present from $75,000,000 to $100,000,000. Southern men have been considered here as good under all circumstances. Their honor has been relied upon to any extent. Houses which would not trust Western or Eastern dealers a hundred dollars have been delighted to give credits of thousands to Southerners. The simple reason was that people have had an undying faith in the honor of the Southern people—a firm conviction that under no circumstances would they seek to evade payment of their debts. Is this faith, is this conviction to be demolished now by the passage of stay laws?

We warn our Southern friends against the perils of the path into which some of their leaders are hurrying them. Their wealth and prosperity and expansion are in a large measure the fruit of the credit they have enjoyed. Credit is very sensitive: they should not, for their own sake, subject theirs to any rude ordeals.

THE LOUNGER.

GOING! GONE!

EIGHT or nine years ago a jolly company set forth one morning from New York upon a railroad excursion. There were Mr. Fillmore, the President of the United States; and Mr. Daniel Webster, Secretary of State; and Mr. Graham, Secretary of the Navy, and other gentlemen of the cabinet. There were Senator Seward of New York, and Senator Douglas of Illinois, and other Senators and representatives of the people. All the politicians and ex-politicians of the State were also there, and a crowd of authors, artists, men of leisure, and merchants. The hilarious company departed at early morning from the foot of Duane Street in a capacious and "splendid" steamer, and speedily disembarked at Piermont, just beyond the Palisades. There a crowd of the neighbors received them, and they entered the new and nice cars upon the broad gauge Erie road. The impatient locomotive, gay and excited with pretty flags, whistled and shrieked, and at length moved forward, and away went the jolly company into the heart of the hills.

The country left its work that day and came to look at the long train, the first "through" train upon the Erie Railroad, that it might feast its eyes upon the promise and prophecy of things to come. Presidents, statesmen, artists, authors, merchants, were only so many samples of the commodities and influences that should follow upon the opening of the road. The lovely valleys of the Susquehanna and the Delaware should be ruins no longer but belles. The tier of towns along the southern part of the State should feel the iron of the track, and spring into cities, as the squire feels the sword upon his shoulder and rises a knight. The subject valleys of the Chenango, the Genesee, and the rest, should start with the thrill of new life; and above all, the proud and domineering *Central* should be brought low, and the great stream of Western travel be tapped at Dunkirk and turned into the coffers of the triumphant road.

The night was passed at Elmira. You remember, dear B., how we sat and scribbled late in our little room, writing the day's history while it was fresh, and how the hundreds of less fortunate friends, not members of the fourth estate, stretched their weary lengths upon sofas, and chairs, and floors. There were two new hotels for the city of Elmira that was to be a metropolis to-morrow. They were very comfortable and very fine; but they swarmed with guests; and absolute happiness must have reigned in the hearts of all the hosts. It was not a night sacred to sleep, but who would lose a minute of the festival?

In the morning the journey was resumed. At every station there were shouts for some of the great men. The President bowed blandly. The Secretary of State showed his dark, imposing front and stared at the crowd with his deep, mournful eyes. Sometimes he spoke a few words, standing upon the platform; and the senators spoke a great many. On went the train, cutting sentences and words in twain. There was a waving of hats, a gust of hurrahs, hushed suddenly by distance, and then visits to the "saloon," which was administered with the utmost liberality.

Meanwhile the grand scenery along the route unrolled itself for admiration, more lovely and wild as the train went West. At length it was all forest, and suddenly from one point, looking for many a mile over a descending surface of tree tops, that seemed as solid and as smooth as a vast shaven lawn, the eager travelers beheld a glittering line along the horizon, and shouted for Lake Erie. Then, like fiery steeds impatient to drink, rushed the cars toward that sparkling goal, and in the afternoon of the second day rolled into Dunkirk, and the jolly company immediately overflowed with members the astonished little town. They slept in houses and on steamboats, and wherever a spot could be found; and the next day they parted. Some returned by the lake and Buffalo, some went westward, and some returned over the Erie road. At sunset of the day they arrived in Dunkirk Webster spoke from the piazza of the hotel, the last time I saw or heard him. His swarthy, gaunt, melancholy face is not to be forgotten. By its side, over his shoulder, you could see the sun setting, and seeing that, you neither heard nor cared to hear what the weary voice was saying.

And so the great Erie Railroad was inaugurated. Its cost had been enormous. Yes; but what of that? It shortened travel to the West, it opened up an entirely new and wonderfully rich region, it wound through the finest farming country in the State; it was a stupendous enterprise, worthy the American people, worthy the imperial State of New York, etc., etc., etc. You will find it all stated in the reported eloquent speeches delivered upon the occasion from car platforms and the front steps of hotels. So it was triumphantly inaugurated, after many millions had been paid to build it. Many of the great men at the opening are dead—some actually, others only politically. The great hotels where we passed the nights in revelry, they are there—"though fallen, great." Little Dunkirk dropped asleep again the next day, and dreams upon the shore of her one event. The rich farming country, the fine landscape, the happy valleys, you may see them whenever you choose to take passage. But the great road itself, falling through every kind of disaster and bad repute, was sold last week—property, franchises, and all —for two hundred and twenty thousand dollars. That includes five mortgages and the back interest of about eight hundred thousand dollars. So we may say that the great road has gone with the great men who celebrated its opening.

It is another triumph of the "practical men;" and an indignant poet asks, "What right have such people as those who built the Erie Railroad to sneer at those of us who build railroads to the moon? The dividends in both cases are the same—pure moonshine: and with this advantage for us, that we desired and expected nothing else. We poets went out to get wool, and returned with the very thing we went for. The 'practical men' went out for wool of another kind, and have returned shorn, and shorn very short indeed."

PHOTOMANIA.

THE fashions of the drawing-room, in work and play, are always a pleasant study. They are as variable and incessant as any other fashion; often, like fashions of dress, repeating themselves after long intervals. But science constantly reveals new varieties. A little while since the *Potechomania*—or, the pasting of pictures upon vases and glasses—was the most absorbing and interesting of the parlor pastimes; but the fever of collecting card-photographs of friends and famous people is the most amiable form that the disease has recently assumed.

It began in Paris, of course, where they made the photographic *cartes de visite*. But the effect of these little pictures was so charming that the thought of preserving them in appropriate albums, and so creating a gallery of friendship and fame, was very obvious and alluring. The artists in "fancy goods" immediately designed the albums, until now they are quite universal, and as fast as they are brought to us are taken up with enthusiasm. They are of various shapes and sizes; the most convenient being those that are of small quarto form, holding fifty cards.

With the albums came the cards of the chief living celebrities, except among the Americans, for they seem to be rather shy of this particular form of homage. But in a good collection you shall see the royal families in many groups and attitudes. The Queen of England, for instance, standing quite alone, in a simple dark dress; or leaning over the Prince Consort's chair, who looks ardently up into her eyes; or sitting upon a terrace with the Consort by her side, and the nine pledges of a happy royal love around them. There is also the Emperor over the way from Windsor, standing in front of a chair; or sitting in it and leaning forward, as if in travail of great state projects; or walking with a baton, in plain clothes, by the side of a fashionable woman, his wife; or leading the young Prince by the hand. The Empress, too, is presented in many attitudes; and the young Imperial heir riding on a rocking-horse, or standing, a grenadier, drumming—always with the sword, the symbol of his papa's empire, *L'epee, c'est la paix.* This tall, gaunt, and white-haired gentleman, in a helmet, is the new King of Prussia; and this pretty Velasquez picture is the Queen of Spain, leaning over a young characteristically Spanish girl, in a broadly-striped silk dress, writing at a carved table.

As you turn from these you are forced to confess that Nature has not stamped the divine royal right upon any of them. Her Majesty of England looks like the revered George Third. His Majesty of France can not be thought, by the most loyal imagination, to resemble an ideal gentleman, in his appearance, at least; and her Majesty of Spain looks like any body's comfortable aunt. The sun does not respect the divinity that doth hedge a king. He only shows, more faithfully than Titian and Vandyck, that kings and queens may look like ordinary men and women. The sun is the most tremendous democrat. Let in light enough, and away go the regal fictions, like ghosts.

But there are other cards more essentially interesting. Thiers, the French historian, a well-preserved, handsome, substantial Parisian gentleman of sixty. Lord Palmerston, Lord John, Lord Brougham, Lord Clarendon, Lord Grey, and others thoroughly English, show how technically British in appearance are the British statesmen. Here is Garibaldi, winking in the Sicilian sun; and Cavour, with his high, broad, thoughtful brow, and the keen, penetrating common sense of his eyes: or Horace Vernet, clasping his leg as he sits, with his long mustache and pointed beard in shadow: or Alphonse Karr, with shaved black hair, a typical Frenchman: or Sir David Brewster, white-haired and whiskered, equally English: or Baron Rothschild, leaning upon his hand, as if money might give a headache. These, and scores more. You make a hundred calls of interest upon as many people you would gladly see just as much of as you do upon the card; and it is so much pleasanter to give fifty cents and be presented in slippers to Victoria in her daily dress, than to pay a hundred dollars for a court-dress, and bow to her Majesty in feathers!

There are plenty of others; the leading ladies at the French Court, for instance. Duchesses and Princesses, and the corresponding gentlemen. The Duchess of Hamilton, of Alba, of Luxembourg; the Prince Murat and Esterhazy; the Countess Montijo, mother of the Empress, and the Princess Mathilde, at your service. Here is Madeleine Brohan, of the *Comedié*, who knows how to sit for her picture; and lo! Ristori, Medea, of many woes.

What a comment upon history it would be, if we could turn over some photograph album of any famous antecedent period, and know the men and women as they looked, and not as the preposterous court-painters represented them. The muse of history and the court-painters have been always in conspiracy, and we have admired and condemned in a hundred wrong places where the sun would have put us all right. Shakespeare and his friends, Scott and his friends, Milton and his friends, Johnson and his friends, as the sun saw them and might have painted them, if science had only been shrewd enough to know that he was an artist, would not they be books to have and ponder?

Could there be a prettier present than an album filled with a choice selection of photographic cards?

MR. RAREY.

MR. RAREY does much more than tame horses—he conquers prejudices. The old farmer, leaning upon his tumble-down wall that guards the patch of ground from which he laboriously extorts starvation for his family every year, sneers with the profoundest complacency at your suggestion that a little more knowledge would help him; that, in fact, science would give him a better dinner every day in the week. "My father did so, and he got on," is his final dull reply to all your hints and arguments. "What my father did is good enough for me," is always the triumphant rejoinder of ignorance and jealousy.

Now a poor and intelligent farmer has many reasons for turning a deaf ear to whoever suggests a new thing. "If my crop fails," he says, with conviction, "all is lost. I scarcely bring the year round as it is, and when I get from my farm all I count upon. But if I lose that, I should never breathe free again. I do not deny that your science might help me; but there is a risk, and I can not afford to take a risk." It is true enough; for the worst part of poverty is that you can not take the pretty safe risks of bettering your fortune which so often offer. The answer to the farmer is that it is not a risk—that science is knowledge, and that its suggestions to him are based upon proved laws.

And the same kind of reply may be made to those who think that Rarey has a peculiar knack in managing horses. His system is founded upon laws which any sensible person can understand, and any calm, heroic person can administer. His principle is, that the force of human reason subdues brute force. It is akin to the principle that man may conquer a tempest at sea, by understanding the laws of material forces, so as to be able to steer his ship. Brute force is no match for mental force. Brute force is conquered by a superior of the same kind. If you could knock a horse down by a blow of your fist, you could then control him as Rarey does. But men can not knock horses over: then the sly brain suggests that the fore-leg should be caught up, and the effect of knocking down, that is, of mastery, is produced, and the great, fiery animal owns his loyalty to superiority.

Of course there must be no fear or hesitation, and, above all, no losing of the temper; for the moment a man loses his temper, away goes his intellectual superiority, and he is but a two-legged brute, while the other has four legs. But the jockey doctrine with horses has usually been that they must be thrashed into obedience, and the general stable practice is a system of kicking and jerking and shouting. Reform it altogether, says Rarey. And he said something else, which has not been so generally remarked—that a woman could usually tame a horse more readily than a man, because she is so much more quiet and equable and gentle than he.

This is the quality which is always observed in sudden calamities of any kind, requiring watching and attendance; and especially in the medical practice of women. The still, direct, sympathetic efficiency of women, whenever they are on serious duty, is a curious contrast to the popular assumption against their executive capacity.

Besides, why should not women tame horses well, since they tame men in their most purely animal period of childhood? Men are not the best trainers in their own nurseries—it would be droll if it should turn out that their wives can manage the stables better too! Well, we shall gradually learn that rights are proportioned to powers. The superior sex must be upon its guard. Its prerogative of oaths, and blows, and general jawing in the management of horses may prove to be not so very valuable after all; and when Mr. Rarey has conclusively demonstrated that fact in the stable, hadn't he better step into the house and demonstrate the success of the same principle among human beings?

THE LION HEART.

IT is curious to observe how much of the final opinion of the world upon men and things is determined upon other grounds than those of fact; and we can always see at any moment of our own history what singular risks of misrepresentation surround men and measures. The popular idea of Henry Eighth, of England, is declared by Fronde, the Roman Catholic historian, to be substantially false. That may or may not be; but there is no doubt that Shakespeare is responsible for much of the character of that opinion. The Calif Haroun al Raschid is known to us almost exclusively as he appears in the "Arabian Nights;" and Sir William Wallace is in the general estimation the hero painted in the "Scottish Chiefs."

In the same way one art has a kind of veto upon the others. Shakespeare describes Hamlet in one way, but Sir Thomas Lawrence painted John Kemble as Hamlet in quite another; and it is the Kemble and Lawrence Hamlet that is really familiar to us, and not the Danish Prince of Shakespeare's creation and description. So the Lucrezia Borgia of history was a fair-haired woman; but it is Victor Hugo's dark and splendid and terrible Duchess who is our Lucrezia, and that, in a great degree, because the Italian singers who personate her are usually brunettes. The imagination of a poet and our own personal experience are more absolute interpreters of personality than history itself.

There is no more striking illustration of this truth than the popular conception of Richard the Lion Heart of England. We of this generation see King Richard as Scott, drunk with feudal enthusiasm, describes him; and it is Scott's Saladin, not the historical Sultan, with whom we are familiar. We see Richard as the embodiment of chivalry, as the romantic knight in the castle upon the Danube, answering the song of the loyal Blondel, as the stalwart soldier with the terror of whose name Saracen mothers hushed their babes. The Richard of history, on the contrary, was half a savage: ignorant, willful, brutal, and powerful. He was a man of no particular moment, except, probably, as a man-at-arms, and certainly of no representative significance in English history, as William the Norman was, or Henry the Eighth; and yet his statue has just been erected in the palace yard at Westminster, in London, by the entrance of the House of Peers.

And the same chance that seems to settle so much of the impression of history is evident also in the erection of this statue.

Whoever recalls the American Crystal Palace, and the exhibition there, will not forget the huge plaster cast of Washington on his horse, the work of Baron Marochetti. There were persons who wanted to have it put into marble and purchased as a permanent monument of our great man. But a kind Providence overruled the wish. The Baron, however, had another string to his bow. He had already exhibited a similar work, representing Richard the King, at the London Crystal Palace. It was too large and unimportant to stand within the building, so it stood without: but the Baron is an amateur, it appears, *and* a Baron, and "influences" persuaded certain persons to purchase, and the English Government to favor the purchasing of the statue in marble; and it now stands in a conspicuous spot, with the Government as sponsor—a medieval knight sitting in armor upon a horse, and holding his right arm up with a drawn sword in the hand. The work is sharply criticised; but there it stands, and there it will stand, while good sculptors starve, and representative men go unrepresented. It will not commemorate a half-barbarous King of England so much as the half-barbarous conception of art, or, rather, indifference to art, among the ruling powers of England. But it will be a good text for *Punch*, and we shall perhaps not lose by it, after all.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

FROST AND THAW.

IT was hard King Frost and soft Queen Thaw
  Came lately to a tussle,
Where the King he prevailed, with his hands ice-mailed,
  And his iron strength of muscle.
And with scornful mien he bespake the Queen,
  Who strove to invade his dominions,
With her languid sighs, and her weeping eyes,
  And her soft and drooping pinions—

Quoth he, "Begone to the sniveling South,
  Where the mist hangs hot and heavy:
There bid parched air from steaming earth
  Its toll of moisture levy.
Go, slacken the hold of the slight Spring-cold,
  And melt the April rime,
But leave to me black Januarie,
  And the bitter New Year time.

"I crack the tire, I rive the rail,
  I mock the might of iron,
Make brittle the bone, and shatter the stone,
  And the mountains with ice environ.
A touch—the mattock and spade are still,
  The trowel and hod go down—
The board is bare and the hearth is chill,
  And hunger holds the town.

"And is it thou, poor puling Queen,
  Wouldst tame a might like mine?
Wouldst lift the brand of my scathing hand,
  And loose where I confine?
Go, do thy worst—bid the rivers burst
  My fetters, an if they may,
Bid earth rejoice, give the birds a voice,
  And make men's spirits gay."

Then soft Queen Thaw to her side 'gan draw,
  Her gracious ministrie;
She summoned the warm airs from the South,
  The soft rains from the sea.
And sore she strove by the might of love,
  King Frost's hard rule to quell,
But the airs in her train came shivering again,
  And her rains they froze as they fell!

Then sudden this thought to her heart was brought,
  "Fool, to waste sun and shower—
'Tis not King Frost, whose path I've crost,
  But Nature's guiding power!
Beneath His law stand Frost and Thaw;
  We work but as He wills;
King Frost's keen knife clears way for life,
  When he makes boast it kills.

"In earth and air I'll strife forbear:
  Leave them to Nature's law,
But Frost shall see, though strong he be,
  There's a triumph still for Thaw.
On human hearts I'll turn my arts,
  Love's fount therein unseal,
Till the hard shall give, and the dead shall live,
  And the slow to pity feel."

God speed such Thaw! still may it draw
  A force from all around,
Till Love's green tree shoot fair and free,
  From out the frozen ground.
High may it spring and broadly fling
  Its palm-like* arms, that need
May find wherewith to clothe itself,
  To shelter, warm, and feed!

ALL SOULS IN A NUT-SHELL.

Punch litem dat. Give o'er your strains,
  Nor swear like angry cats;
The Dons are right to banish brains,
  For All Soles must be Flats.

Who is the most melancholy of young ladies?—Miss-Ann-Thrope.

ENGLISH PRIZE BULL.—"The Irish Directory," said Brown. "Can Ireland produce such a thing? Surely, to keep up national character, it ought to be full of blunders?" "Yes, to be accurate, it ought," said Jones.

The real victim of a coquette is the man she marries.

A young scape-grace, who had seen out a fortune, took up his residence in a country village, pretending to be an author. His shabby appearance was therefore accounted for, and as his address was good, and marks of personal beauty remained, many a romantic village maid sighed over the "cruel fate of genius." Sighs would not pay his landlord's bill, and when a month had expired he was dunned in good earnest. At length the landlord told him he never saw any of his productions, and wished to know what work he had been the author of. Being thus pushed, he replied, "Why, Sir, I call myself an author, and so I am—*the author of my own misfortunes.*"

REVOLUTION IN EVENING PARTIES.

BY A RED-NOSED OLD WALL-FLOWER.

There is a madness staring, stark,
  At which I'm in amazement lost,
Thermometers some twenty mark,
  Or twenty odd, degrees of frost,
Not only common rivers cease
  Toward the sea their waves to pour,
While up them come wild ducks and geese,
  But Thames himself is frozen o'er!

The frantic folly that astounds
  My reason with its awful height,
Is that of people going rounds
  Of evening parties night by night.
They go at ten or later; leave
  At two or three; perhaps at four.
Why, girls themselves, one would believe,
  Must find such sitting up a bore!

Or if to dance in gay attire
  Afford a pleasure so intense,
And such an ecstasy inspire
  As to exclude all other sense,
There is prospect which might well
  Appall the girl of emptiest head
That e'er was worn by ball-room belle,
  'Tis that of going home to bed.

The fire extinct—the middle-class
  At least must let their servants sleep—
Oh dear, how cold! and what an ass
  Are you, such hours as these to keep!
What comfort do you now derive
  From having on the finest clothes,
To-morrow, sure as you're alive,
  You'll have a cold; talk through your nose.

But homeward if you have to ride
  Miles from a stupid County ball,
That scene of vanity and pride,
  That punishment is worst of all.
What have your hapless flunkies done,
  That they should have the task severe
Imposed on them to drive—no fun—
  You home at such a time of year?

Oh, brothers! I appeal to you,
  For men have reason, men have ruth,
All evening parties to eschew,
  Combine and vow let all our youth,
Until they shall no more extend
  From midnight to the rising sun;
Enough, in dancing time to spend,
  To go at seven and leave at one.

UN ŒUF IS AS GOOD AS A FEAST.

Why should a classical scholar never attempt to count eggs more than one at a time?

Because he would be sure to count them *ova* and *ova*.

When are the shares of a company like the Emperor of China's Summer Palace near Pekin?—When they are *a'looted.*

A young Tipperary widow, Nelly M'Phee, was courted and actually had an offer from Tooley O'Shane, on her way to her husband's funeral. "She accepted, of course," said Grossman. "No, she didn't," said Smith. "Tooley, dear," says she, "y're too late; four weeks ago it was I shook hands wi' Pat Sweeney upon it, that I would have him a dacent time arter poor M'Phee was under board." "Well," said Grossman, "widows of all nations are much alike. There was a Dutch woman whose husband, Diedric Van Pronk, died and left her inconsolable. He was buried on Cop's Hill. Folks said that grief would kill that widow. She had a figure of wood carved that looked very like her late husband, and constantly kept it in bed for several months. In about half a year she became interested in a young shoemaker, who took the length of her foot, and finally married her. He had visited the widow not more than a fortnight when the servant told her they were out of kindling stuff, and asked what should be done. After a pause, the widow replied in a very quiet way, 'Maype it ish well enough now to shplit up old Van Pronk vat ish up stairs.'"

A butcher was in the habit of killing pigs for a neighbor—a quiet, decent woman, and a little shrewd in her way. The butcher, it seems, had a large pocket, the contents of which were nobody's business; and it so happened that the woman's pigs when slaughtered were always found minus the kidneys. Deeming this desideratum some unaccountable freak of nature, but anxious to get as near to the truth as possible, she one day, on seeing another of her pigs laid open with similar shortcomings, remarked to the honest butcher: "Hoo is it, Maister Donald, that my pigs are a' wantin' kidneys?" The butcher did not glance at the occult pocket, but replied, "It's jist the breed, guid wife, jist the breed."

If an editor can find nobody that will credit a word he says, he may fairly boast that he has no creditors.

The servant at No. 1 told the servant at No. 2 that her master expected his old friends, the Bayleys, to pay him a visit at Christmas; and No. 2 told No. 3 that No. 1 expected the Bailies in the house every day; and No. 3 told No. 4 that it was all up with No. 1, for they couldn't keep the bailiffs out; whereupon No. 4 told No. 5 that the officers were after No. 1, and that it was as much as he could do to prevent himself from being taken in execution, and that it was killing his poor dear wife; and so it went on increasing and increasing, until it got to No. 33, where it was reported that the detective police had taken up the gentleman who lived at No. 1, for killing his poor dear wife with arsenic, and it was confidently hoped and expected that he would be executed at Horsemonger Lane Jail, as the facts of the case were very clear against him.

"John, who was the wisest man?"—"Don't know, Sir."—"Yes, you do know. Tell me."—"Well, I guess it was uncle; for father sez he was so cunning he got every body to trust him, and wasn't fool enough to pay nobody."

Lord Chief Justice Kenyon was conspicuous for economy in every article of his dress. Once, in the case of an action brought for the non-fulfillment of a contract, on a large scale, for shoes, the question mainly was, whether or not they were well and soundly made, and with the best materials. A number of witnesses were called; one of whom, being closely questioned, returned contradictory answers; when the Chief Justice observed, pointing to his own shoes—which were regularly bestridden by the broad silver buckle of the day—"Were the shoes any thing like these?" "No, my lord," replied the witness; "they were a great deal better, and more genteeler." The Court was convulsed with laughter, in which the Chief Justice heartily joined.

"You will please to observe," said old schoolmaster Lamwell, as he led a party of gentlemen through his school, "that the boys are required to observe the utmost attention to quietness as well as discipline." They had at this moment arrived in front of several boys standing around a water-bucket, and one had just charged his mouth with the contents of the cup, while the old gentleman was stooping over to recover his pen from the floor, when another, passing along behind, snapped his fingers quick under the drinker's ear, which caused him on a sudden to eject the contents of his mouth over the pedagogue's bald pate. Standing upright, with his face and hair dripping, he shouted aloud, "Who did that?" The party unanimously cried out, "Jim Gunn, Sir!"—"James Gunn, what did you do that for?" Jim, appalled at the mischief he had done, muttered that it was not his fault—that Tom Owen snapped him. This changed the direction of old Lamwell's wrath, and shaking his cane portentously over Owen's head, he asked, "Did you snap Gunn?" The culprit, trembling with fear, muttered, "Yes, Sir, I snapped Gunn, but I didn't know that he was loaded."

Goethe says: "I see no fault committed that I have not committed myself." Had the gentleman ever committed suicide?

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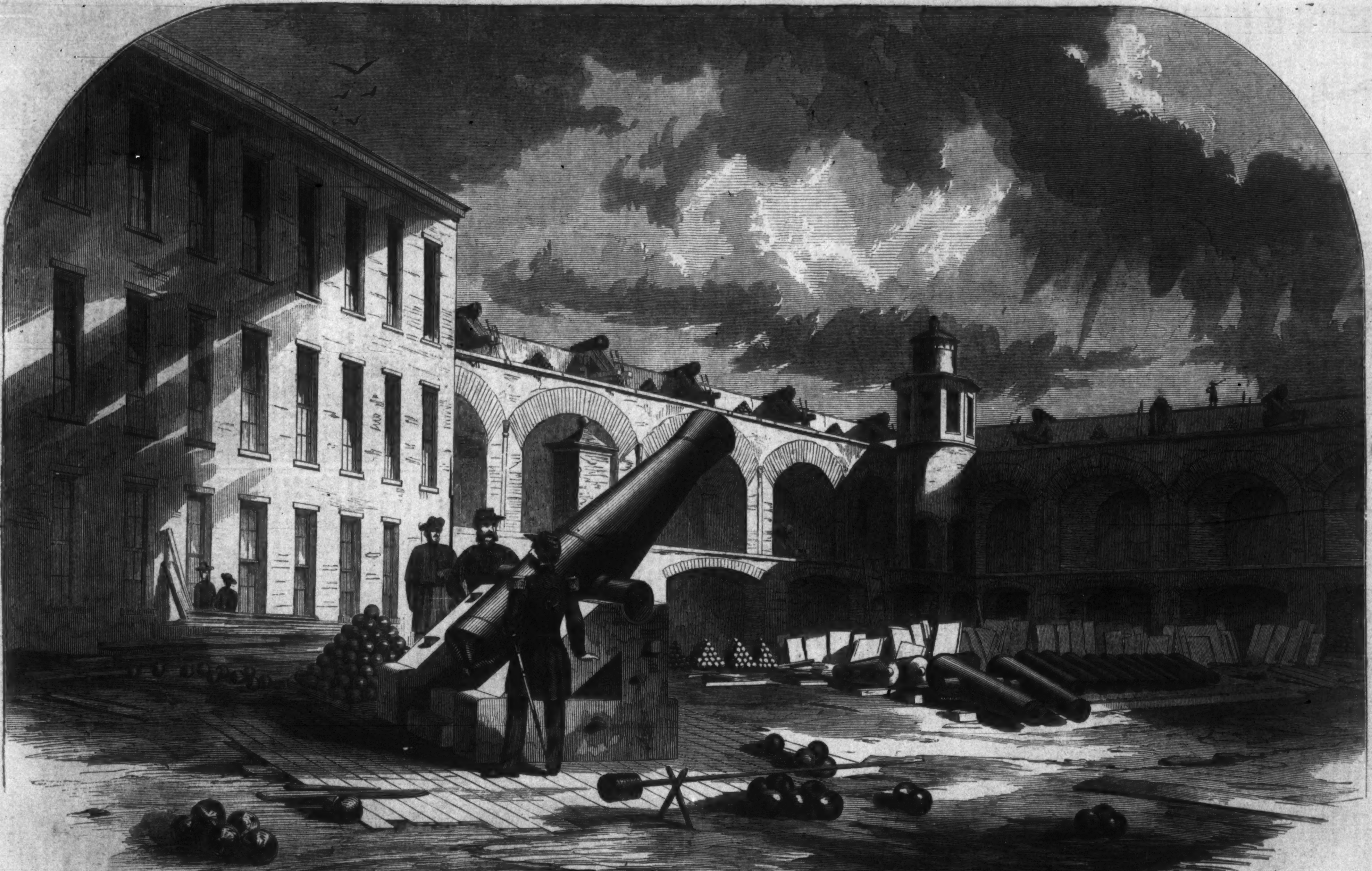
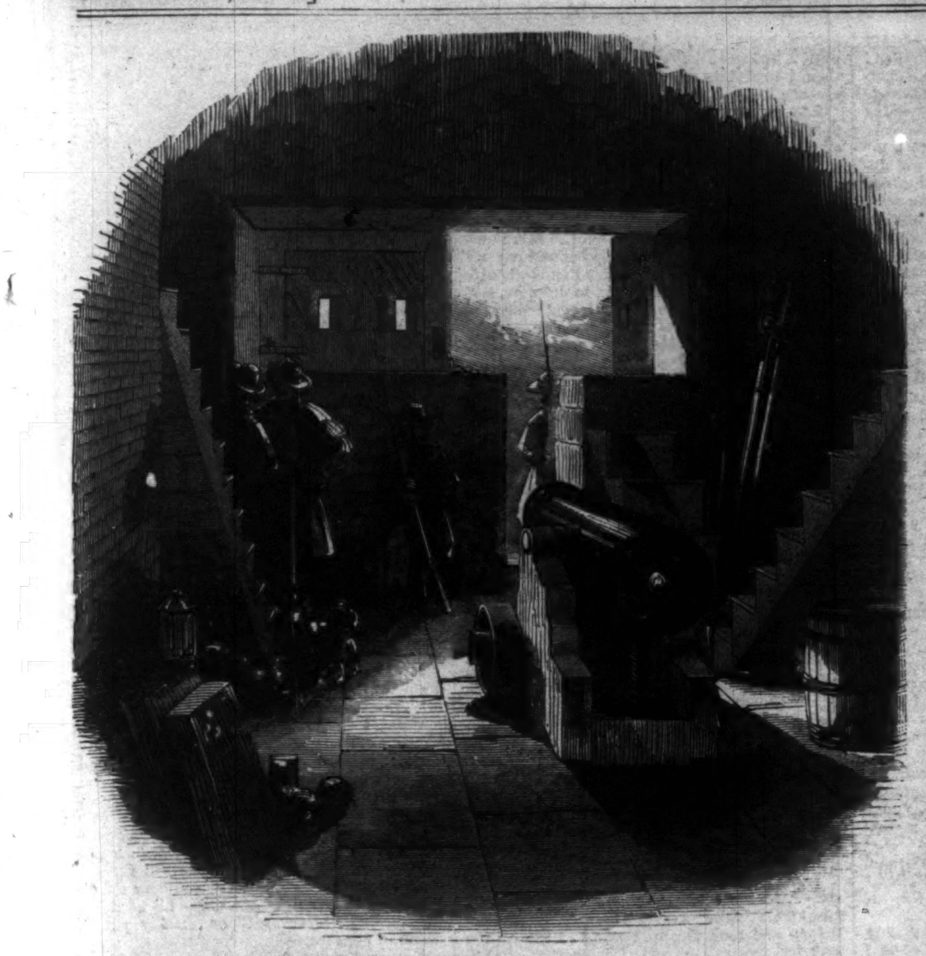
* The Palm supplies with food, shelter, clothing, and fuel.



A TEN-INCH COLUMBIAD MOUNTED AS A MORTAR AT FORT SUMTER.—[DRAWN BY AN OFFICER OF MAJOR ANDERSON'S COMMAND.]



THE SALLY-PORT AT SUMTER.—INTERIOR.

FORT SUMTER.

WE are again enabled, through the polite attention of officers of Major ANDERSON's command, to illustrate FORT SUMTER. We publish on the preceding page a large picture of the COLUMBIAD which has just been placed in position as a mortar; and above a VIEW OF THE SALLY-PORT, from the inside. The question having been raised whether the guns at FORT SUMTER can reach the City of Charleston, it may be interesting to know that the problem has been solved, as the following letter from FORT SUMTER explains:

"*To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:*

"The *Weekly* of January 26 quotes the *Herald* in proof that these guns can not send a shell to Charleston, and gives very fair data for that opinion. But a 10-inch COLUMBIAD throws its shell easily 4828 yards.

"By making this shell eccentric, at least 500 more can be gained; and all intelligent artillerists know of certain other expedients by which the difference between this total (5328 yards) and 5500—the distance to Broad Street—can be overcome. Q.E.D. And we trust we shall not be compelled to prove it practically."

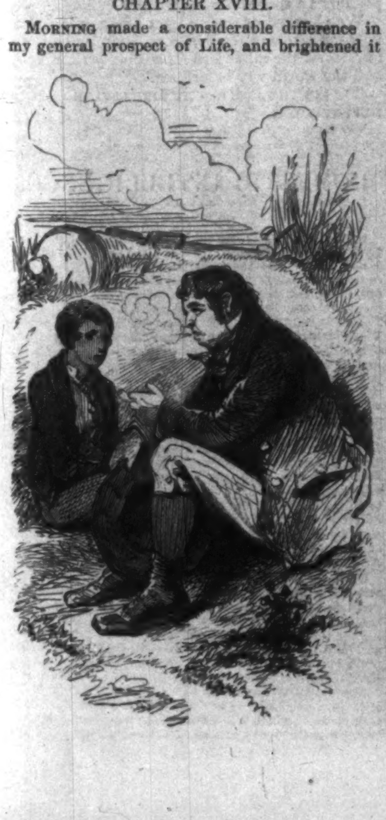
GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MORNING made a considerable difference in my general prospect of Life, and brightened it so much that it scarcely seemed the same. What lay heaviest on my mind was the consideration that six days intervened between me and the day of departure; for I could not divest myself of a misgiving that something might happen to London in the mean while, and that, when I got there, it would be either greatly deteriorated or clean gone.



Joe and Biddy were very sympathetic and pleasant when I spoke of our approaching separation; but they only referred to it when I did. After breakfast Joe brought out my indentures from the press in the best parlor, and we put them in the fire, and I felt that I was free. With all the novelty of my emancipation on me, I went to church with Joe, and thought perhaps the clergyman wouldn't have read that about the rich man and the kingdom of Heaven if he had known all.

After our early dinner I strolled out alone, purposing to finish off the marshes at once, and get them done with. As I passed the church, I felt (as I had felt during service in the morning) a sublime compassion for the poor creatures who were destined to go there, Sunday after Sunday, all their lives through, and to lie obscurely at last among the low green mounds. I promised myself that I would do something for them one of these days, and formed a plan in outline for bestowing a dinner of roast beef and plum-pudding, a pint of ale, and a gallon of condescension, upon every body in the village.

If I had often thought before, with something allied to shame, of my companionship with the fugitive whom I had once seen limping among those graves, what were my thoughts on this Sunday, when the place recalled the wretch, ragged and shivering, with his felon iron and badge! My comfort was that it happened a long time ago, and that he had doubtless been transported a long way off, and that he was dead to me, and might be veritably dead into the bargain.

No more low, wet grounds, no more dykes and sluices, no more of these grazing cattle—though they seemed, in their dull manner, to wear a more respectful air now, and to face round, in order that they might stare as long as possible at the possessor of such great expectations—farewell, monotonous acquaintances of my childhood, henceforth I was for London and greatness: not for smith's work in general and for you! I made my exultant way to the old Battery, and, lying down there to consider the question whether Miss Havisham intended me for Estella, fell asleep.

When I awoke I was much surprised to find Joe sitting beside me, smoking his pipe. He greeted me with a cheerful smile on my opening my eyes, and said:

"As being the last time, Pip, I thought I'd foller."

"And, Joe, I am very glad you did so."

"Thankee, Pip," said Joe.

"You may be sure, dear Joe," I went on, after we had shaken hands, "that I shall never forget you."

"No, no, Pip!" said Joe, in a comfortable tone, "*I'm* sure of that. Ay, ay, old chap! Bless you, it were only necessary to get it well round in a man's mind to be certain on it. But it took a bit of time to get it well round; the change come so oncommon plump; didn't it?"

Somehow I was not best pleased with Joe's being so mightily secure of me. I should have liked him to have betrayed emotion, or to have said, "It does you credit, Pip," or something of that sort. Therefore I made no remark on Joe's first head: merely saying, as to his second, that the tidings had indeed come suddenly, but that I had always wanted to be a gentleman, and had often and often speculated on what I would do if I were one.

"Have you though?" said Joe. "Astonishing!"

"It's a pity now, Joe," said I, "that you did not get on a little more, when we had our lessons here; isn't it?"

"Well, I don't know," returned Joe. "I'm so awful dull. I'm only master of my own trade. It were always a pity as I was so awful dull; but it's no more of a pity now than it was—say this day twelve month—don't you see?"

What I had meant was, that when I came into my property and was able to do something for Joe, it would have been much more agreeable if he had been better qualified for a rise in station. He was so perfectly innocent of my meaning, however, that I thought I would mention it to Biddy in preference.

So, when we had walked home and had had tea, I took Biddy into our little garden by the side of the lane, and, after throwing out in a general way for the elevation of her spirits, that I should never forget her, said I had a favor to ask of her.

"And it is, Biddy," said I, "that you will not omit any opportunity of helping Joe on a little."

"How helping him on?" asked Biddy, with a steady sort of glance.

"Well! Joe is a dear good fellow—in fact, I think he is the dearest fellow that ever lived—but he is rather backward in some things. For instance, Biddy, in his learning and his manners."

Although I was looking at Biddy as I spoke, and although she opened her eyes very wide when I had spoken, she did not look at me.

"Oh, his manners! Won't his manners do then?" asked Biddy, plucking a black currant leaf.

"My dear Biddy, they do very well here—"

"Oh! they *do* very well here?" interposed Biddy, looking closely at the leaf in her hand.

"Hear me out—but if I were to remove Joe into a higher sphere, as I shall hope to remove him when I fully come into my property, they would hardly do him justice."

"And don't you think he knows that?" asked Biddy.

It was such a very provoking question (for it had never in the most distant manner occurred to me), that I said, snappishly, "Biddy, what do you mean?"

Biddy having rubbed the leaf to pieces between her hands—and the smell of a black currant bush has ever since recalled to me that evening in the little garden by the side of the lane—said, "Have you never considered that he may be proud?"

"Proud!" I repeated, with disdainful emphasis.

"Oh! there are many kinds of pride," said Biddy, looking full at me and shaking her head; "pride is not all of one kind—"

"Well? What are you stopping for?" said I.

"Not all of one kind," resumed Biddy. "He may be too proud to let any one take him out of a place that he is competent to fill, and fills well and with respect. To tell you the truth, I think he is: though it sounds bold in me to say so, for you must know him far better than I do."

"Now, Biddy," said I, "I am very sorry to see this in you. I did not expect to see this in you. You are envious, Biddy, and grudging. You are dissatisfied on account of my rise in fortune, and you can't help showing it."

"If you have the heart to think so," returned Biddy, "say so. Say so over and over again, if you have the heart to think so."

"If you have the heart to be so, you mean, Biddy," said I, in a virtuous and superior tone; "don't put it off upon me. I am very sorry to see it, and it's a—it's a bad side of human nature. I did intend to ask you to use any little opportunities you might have after I was gone of improving dear Joe. But after this I ask you nothing. I am extremely sorry to see this in you, Biddy," I repeated. "It's a—it's a bad side of human nature."

"Whether you scold me or approve of me," returned poor Biddy, "you may equally depend upon my trying to do all that lies in my power here at all times. And whatever opinion you take away of me, shall make no difference in my remembrance of you. Yet a gentleman should not be unjust neither," said Biddy, turning away her head.

I again warmly repeated that it was a bad side of human nature (in which sentiment, waving its application, I have since seen reason to think I was right), and I walked down the little path away from Biddy, and Biddy went into the house, and I went out at the garden gate and took a dejected stroll until supper-time; again feeling it very sorrowful and strange that this, the second night of my bright fortunes, should be as lonely and unsatisfactory as the first.

But morning once more brightened my view, and I extended my clemency to Biddy, and we dropped the subject. Putting on the best clothes I had, I went into town as early as I could hope to find the shops open, and presented myself before Mr. Trabb, the tailor, who was having his breakfast in the parlor behind his shop, and who did not think it worth his while to come out to me, but called me in to him.

"Well!" said Mr. Trabb, in a hail-fellow-well-met kind of way. "How are you, and what can I do for you?"

Mr. Trabb had sliced his hot roll into three feather beds, and was slipping butter in between the blankets, and covering it up. He was a prosperous old bachelor, and his open window looked into a prosperous little garden and orchard, and there was a prosperous iron safe let into the wall at the side of his fire-place, and I did not doubt that heaps of his prosperity were put away in it in bags.

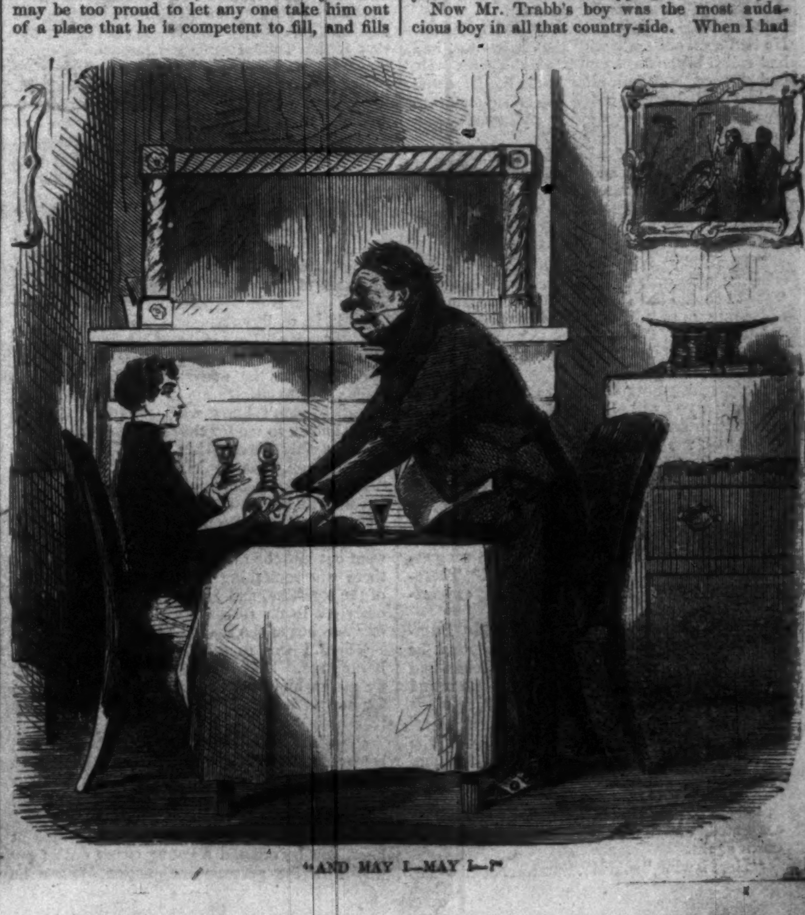
"Mr. Trabb," said I, "it's an unpleasant thing to have to mention, because it looks like boasting; but I have come into a handsome property."

A change passed over Mr. Trabb. He forgot the butter in bed, got up from the bedside, and wiped his fingers on the table-cloth, exclaiming, "Lord bless my soul!"

"I am going up to my guardian in London," said I, casually drawing some guineas out of my pocket and looking at them; "and I want a fashionable suit of clothes to go in. I wish to pay for them," I added—otherwise I thought he might only pretend to make them, "with ready money."

"My dear Sir," said Mr. Trabb, as he respectfully bent his body, opened his arms, and took the liberty of touching me on the outside of each elbow, "don't hurt me by mentioning that. May I venture to congratulate you? Would you do me the favor of stepping into the shop?"

Now Mr. Trabb's boy was the most audacious boy in all that country-side. When I had



"AND MAY I—MAY I—?"

entered he was sweeping the shop, and he had sweetened his labors by sweeping over me. He was still sweeping when I came out into the shop with Mr. Trabb, and he knocked the broom against all possible corners and obstacles, to express (as I understood it) equality with any blacksmith, alive or dead.

"Hold that noise," said Mr. Trabb, with the greatest sternness, "or I'll knock your head off! Do me the favor to be seated, Sir. Now this," said Mr. Trabb, taking down a roll of cloth, and tiding it out in a flowing manner over the counter, preparatory to getting his hand under it to show the gloss, "is a very sweet article. I can recommend it for your purpose, Sir, because it really is extra super. But you shall see some others. Give me Number Four, you!" (To the boy, and with dreadful severity, foreseeing the danger of that miscreant's brushing me with it, or making some other sign of familiarity.)

Mr. Trabb never removed his stern eye from the boy until he had deposited number four on the counter and was at a safe distance again. Then he commanded him to bring number five and number eight. "And let me have none of your tricks here," said Mr. Trabb, "or you shall repent it, you young scoundrel, the longest day you have to live."

Mr. Trabb then bent over number four, and in a sort of deferential confidence recommended it to me as a light article for summer wear, an article much in vogue among the nobility and gentry, an article that it would ever be an honor to him to reflect upon a distinguished fellow-townsman's (if he might claim me for a fellow-townsman) having worn. "Are you bringing numbers five and eight, you vagabond," said Mr. Trabb to the boy after that; "or shall I kick you out of the shop and bring them myself?"

I selected the materials for a suit, with the assistance of Mr. Trabb's judgment, and re-entered the parlor to be measured. For, although Mr. Trabb had my measure already, and had previously been quite contented with it, he said apologetically that it "wouldn't do under existing circumstances, Sir—wouldn't do at all." So Mr. Trabb measured and calculated me, in the parlor, as if I were an estate and he the finest species of surveyor, and gave himself such a world of trouble that I felt that no suit of clothes could possibly remunerate him for his pains. When he had at last done, and had appointed to send the articles to Mr. Pumblechook's on the Thursday evening, he said, with his hand upon the parlor lock, "I know, Sir, that London gentlemen can not be expected to patronize local work, as a rule; but if you would give me a turn now and then in the quality of a townsman, I should greatly esteem it. Good-morning, Sir; much obliged. Door!"

The last word was flung at the boy, who had not the least notion what it meant. But I saw him collapse as his master rubbed me out with his hands, and my first decided experience of the stupendous power of money was, that it had morally laid upon his back Trabb's boy.

After this memorable event, I went to the hatter's, and the bootmaker's, and the hosier's, and felt rather like Mother Hubbard's dog, whose outfit required the services of so many trades. I also went to the coach-office, and took my place for seven o'clock on Saturday morning. It was not necessary to explain every where that I had come into a handsome property; but whenever I said any thing to that effect, it followed that the officiating tradesman ceased to have his attention diverted through the window by the High Street, and concentrated his mind upon me. When I had ordered every thing I wanted I directed my steps toward Pumblechook's, and as I approached that gentleman's place of business I saw him standing at his door.

He was waiting for me with great impatience. He had been out early with the chaise-cart, and had called at the forge and heard the news. He had prepared a collation for me in the Barnwell parlor, and he too ordered his shopman to "come out of the gangway" as my sacred person passed.

"My dear friend," said Mr. Pumblechook, taking me by both hands, when he and I and the collation were alone, "I give you joy of your good fortune. Well deserved, well deserved!"

This was coming to the point, and I thought it a sensible way of expressing himself.

"To think," said Mr. Pumblechook, after snorting admiration at me for some moments, "that I should have been the humble instrument of leading up to this, is a proud reward."

I begged Mr. Pumblechook to remember that nothing was to be ever said or hinted on that point.

"My dear young friend," said Mr. Pumblechook, "if you will allow me to call you so—"

I murmured "Certainly;" and Mr. Pumblechook took me by both hands again, and communicated a movement to his waistcoat that had an emotional appearance, though it was rather low down—"My dear young friend, rely upon my doing my little all in your absence, by keeping the fact before the mind of Joseph. Joseph!" said Mr. Pumblechook, in the way of a compassionate adjuration. "Joseph! Joseph!" Thereupon he shook his head and tapped it, expressing his sense of deficiency in Joseph.

"But my dear young friend," said Mr. Pumblechook, "you must be hungry, you must be exhausted. Be seated. Here is a chicken had round from the Boar, here is a tongue had round from the Boar, here's one or two little things that I hope you may not despise. But do I," said Mr. Pumblechook, getting up again the moment after he had sat down, "see afore me, him as I ever sported with in his times of happy infancy? And may I—*may* I—?"

This May I meant, might he shake hands? I consented, and he was fervent, and then sat down again.

"Here is wine," said Mr. Pumblechook. "Let us drink, Thanks to Fortune, and may she ever pick out her favorites with equal judgment! And yet I can not," said Mr. Pumblechook, getting up again, "see afore me One—and likeways drink to One—without again expressing—May I—*may* I—?"

I said he might, and he shook hands with me again, and emptied his glass and turned it upside down. I did the same; and if I had turned myself upside down before drinking, the wine would not have gone more direct to my head.

Mr. Pumblechook helped me to the liver wing, and to the best slice of tongue (none of those out-of-the-way No Thoroughfares of Pork now), and took, comparatively speaking, no care of himself at all. "Ah! poultry, poultry! You little thought," said Mr. Pumblechook, apostrophizing the fowl in the dish, "when you was a young fledgeling, what was in store for you. You little thought you was to be refreshment beneath this humble roof for one as—call it a weakness, if you will," said Mr. Pumblechook, getting up again, "but may I? *may* I?"

It began to be unnecessary to repeat the form of saying he might, so he did it at once. How he ever did it so often without mortally wounding himself with my knife, I don't know.

"And your sister," he resumed, after a little steady eating, "which had the honor of bringing you up by hand! It's a sad picter, to reflect that she's no longer equal to fully understanding the honor. May—"

I saw he was about to come at me again, and I stopped him.

"We'll drink her health," said I.

"Ah!" cried Mr. Pumblechook, leaning back in his chair, quite flaccid with admiration, "that's the way you know 'em, Sir!" (I don't know who Sir was, but he certainly was not I, and there was no third person present); "that's the way you know the noble minded, Sir! Ever forgiving and ever affable. It might," said the servile Pumblechook, putting down his untasted glass in a hurry and getting up again, "to a common person, have the appearance of repeating—but *may* I—?"

When he had done it he resumed his seat and drank to my sister. "Let us never be blind," said Mr. Pumblechook, "to her faults of temper, but it is to be hoped she meant well."

At about this time I began to observe that he was getting flushed in the face; as to myself, I felt all face, steeped in wine and smarting.

I mentioned to Mr. Pumblechook that I wished to have my clothes sent to his house, and he was ecstatic on my so distinguishing him. I mentioned my reason for desiring to avoid observation in the village, and he lauded it to the skies. There was nobody but himself, he intimated, worthy of my confidence, and—in short, might he? Then he asked me tenderly if I remembered our boyish games at sums, and how we had gone together to have me bound apprentice, and, in effect, how he had ever been my favorite fancy and my chosen friend? If I had taken ten times as many glasses of wine as I had, I should have known that he never had stood in that relation toward me, and should in my heart of hearts have repudiated the idea. Yet for all that, I remember feeling convinced that I had been much mistaken in him, and that he was a sensible, practical, good-hearted, prime fellow.

By degrees he fell to reposing such great confidence in me, as to ask my advice in reference to his own affairs. He mentioned that there was an opportunity for a great amalgamation and monopoly of the corn and seed trade on those premises, if enlarged, such as had never occurred before in that, or any other neighborhood. What alone was wanting to the realization of a vast fortune he considered to be More Capital. Those were the two little words, more capital. Now it appeared to him (Pumblechook) that if that capital were got into the business through a sleeping partner, Sir: which sleeping partner would have nothing to do but walk in, by self or deputy, whenever he pleased, and examine the books—and walk in twice a year and take his profits away in his pocket, to the tune of fifty per cent.—it appeared to him that that might be an opening for a young gentleman of spirit combined with property, which would be worthy of his attention. But what did I think? He had great confidence in my opinion, and what did I think? I gave it as my opinion, "Wait a bit!" The united vastness and distinctness of this view so struck him that he no longer asked if he might shake hands with me, but said he really must—and did.

We drank all the wine, and Mr. Pumblechook pledged himself over and over again to keep Joseph up to the mark (I don't know what mark), and to render me efficient and constant service (I don't know what service). He also made known to me for the first time in my life, and certainly after having kept his secret wonderfully well, that he had always said of me, "That boy is no common boy, and mark me, his fortun' will be no common fortun'." He said with a tearful smile that it was a singular thing to think of now, and I said so too. Finally, I went out into the air with a dim perception that there was something unwonted in the conduct of the sunshine, and found that I had slumberously got to the turnpike without having taken any account of the road.

There I was roused by Mr. Pumblechook's hailing me. He was a long way down the sunny street, and was making expressive gestures for me to stop. I stopped, and he came up breathless.

"No, my dear friend," said he, when he had recovered wind for speech. "Not if I can help it. This occasion shall not entirely pass without that affability on your part.—May I, as an old friend and well-wisher? *May* I?"

We shook hands for the hundredth time at least, and he ordered a young carter out of my way with the greatest indignation. Then he blessed me, and stood waving his hand to me until I had passed the crook in the road; and then I turned into a field and had a long nap under a hedge before I pursued my way home.

I had scant luggage to take with me to London, for little of the little I possessed was adapted to my new station. But I began packing that same afternoon, and wildly packed up things that I knew I should want next morning, in a fiction that there was not a moment to be lost.

So Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday passed, and on Friday morning I went to Mr. Pumblechook's to put on my new clothes and pay my visit to Miss Havisham. Mr. Pumblechook's own room was given up to me to dress in, and was decorated with clean towels expressly for the event. My clothes were rather a disappointment, of course. Probably every new and eagerly expected garment ever put on since clothes came in fell a trifle short of the wearer's expectation. But after I had had my new suit on some half an hour, and had gone through an immensity of posturing with Mr. Pumblechook's very limited dressing-glass, in the futile endeavor to see my legs, it seemed to fit me better. It being market morning at a neighboring town some ten miles off, Mr. Pumblechook was not at home. I had not told him exactly when I meant to leave, and was not likely to shake hands with him again before departing. This was all as it should be, and I went out in my new array: fearfully ashamed of having to pass the shopman, and suspicious after all that I was at a personal disadvantage, something like Joe's in his Sunday suit.

I went circuitously to Miss Havisham's by all the back ways, and rang at the bell constrainedly, on account of the stiff long fingers of my gloves. Sarah Pocket came to the gate, and positively reeled back when she saw me so changed; her walnut-shell countenance likewise turned from brown to green and yellow.

"You?" said she. "You, good gracious? What do you want?"

"I am going to London, Miss Pocket," said I, "and want to say good-by to Miss Havisham."

I was not expected, for she left me locked in the yard while she went to ask if I were to be admitted. After a very short delay she returned and took me up, staring at me all the way.

Miss Havisham was taking exercise in the room with the long spread table, leaning on her crutched stick. The room was lighted as of yore, and at the sound of our entrance she stopped and turned. She was then just abreast of the rotted bride-cake.

"Don't go, Sarah," she said. "Well, Pip?"

"I start for London, Miss Havisham, to-morrow"—I was exceedingly careful what I said—"and I thought you would kindly not mind my taking leave of you."

"This is a gay figure, Pip," said she, making her crutched stick play round me, as if she, the fairy godmother who had changed me, were bestowing the finishing gift.

"I have come into such good fortune since I saw you last, Miss Havisham," I murmured. "And I am so thankful for it, Miss Havisham!"

"Ay, ay!" said she, looking at the discomfited and envious Sarah with manifest delight. "I have seen Mr. Jaggers. *I* have heard about it, Pip. So you go to-morrow?"

"Yes, Miss Havisham."

"And you are adopted by a rich person?"

"Yes, Miss Havisham."

"Not named?"

"No, Miss Havisham."

"And Mr. Jaggers is made your guardian?"

"Yes, Miss Havisham."

She quite gloated on these questions and answers, so keen was her enjoyment of Sarah Pocket's jealous dismay. "Well!" she went on; "you have a promising career before you. Be good—deserve it—and abide by Mr. Jaggers's instructions." She looked at me, and looked at Sarah, and Sarah's countenance wrung out of her watchful face a cruel smile. "Good-by, Pip!—you will always keep the name of Pip!"

"Yes, Miss Havisham."

"Good-by, Pip!"

She stretched out her hand, and I went down on my knee and put it to my lips. I had not considered how I should take leave of her; it came naturally to me at the moment to do this. She looked at Sarah Pocket with triumph in her weird eyes, and so I left my fairy godmother, with both her hands on her crutched stick, standing in the midst of the dimly lighted room beside the rotten bride-cake that was hidden in cobwebs.

Sarah Pocket conducted me down as if I were a Ghost who must be seen out. She could not get over my appearance, and was in the last degree confounded. I said, "Good-by, Miss Pocket;" but she merely stared, and did not seem collected enough to know that I had spoken. Clear of the house, I made the best of my way back to Pumblechook's, took off my new clothes, made them into a bundle, and went back home in my older dress, carrying it—to speak the truth, much more at my ease too, though I had the bundle to carry.

And now those six days which were to have run out so slowly, had run out fast and were gone; and to-morrow looked me in the face more steadily than I could look at it. As the six evenings had dwindled away to five, to four, to three, to two, I had become more and more appreciative of the society of Joe and Biddy. On this last evening I dressed myself out in my new clothes for their delight, and sat in my splendor until bedtime. We had a hot supper on the occasion, graced by the inevitable roast fowl, and some flip to finish with. We were all very low, and none the higher for pretending to be in spirits.

I was to leave our village at five in the morning, carrying my little hand-portmanteau, and I had told Joe that I wished to walk away all alone. I am afraid—I am sore afraid—that this purpose originated in my sense of the contrast there would be between me and Joe if we went to the coach together. I had pretended with myself that there was nothing of this taint in the arrangement; but when I went up to my little room on this last night I felt compelled to admit that it might be so, and had an impulse upon me to go down again and entreat Joe to walk with me in the morning after all. I did not.

All night there were coaches in my broken sleep, going to wrong places instead of to London, and having in the traces, now dogs, now cats, now pigs, now men—never horses. Fantastic failures of journeys occupied me until the day dawned and the birds were singing. Then, I got up and partly dressed, and sat at the window to take a last look out, and in taking it fell asleep.

Biddy was astir so early to get my breakfast that, although I did not sleep an hour, I smelled the smoke of the kitchen fire when I started up with a terrible idea that it must be late in the afternoon. But, long after that, and long after I had heard the clinking of the tea-cups and was quite ready, I wanted the resolution to go down stairs. After all, I remained up there, trying to cheat myself by repeatedly unlocking and unstrapping my small portmanteau and locking and strapping it up again, until Biddy called to me that I was late.

It was a hurried breakfast with no taste in it. I got up from the meal, saying with a sort of briskness, as if it had only just occurred to me, "Well! I suppose I must be off!" and then I kissed my sister, who was laughing and nodding and shaking in her usual chair, and kissed Biddy, and threw my arms around Joe's neck. Then I took up my little portmanteau and walked out. The last I saw of them was when I presently heard a scuffle behind me, and looking back, saw Joe throwing an old shoe after me and Biddy throwing another old shoe. I stopped then to wave my hat, and dear old Joe waved his strong right arm above his head, crying huskily, "Hooroar!" and Biddy put her apron to her face.

I walked away at a good pace, thinking it was easier to go than I had supposed it would be, and reflecting that it would never have done to have an old shoe thrown after the coach, in sight of all the High Street. I whistled and made nothing of it. But the village was very peaceful and quiet, and the light mists were solemnly rising, as if to show me the world, and I had been so innocent and little there, and all beyond was so unknown and great, that all in a moment with a strong heave and sob I broke into tears. It was by the finger-post at the end of the village, and I laid my hand upon it, and said "Good-by my dear, dear friend!"

Heaven knows we need never be ashamed of shedding tears, for they are rain upon the blinding dust of earth, overlying our hard hearts. I was better after I had cried than before—more sorry, more aware of my own ingratitude, more gentle altogether. If I had cried before, I should have had Joe with me then.

So subdued I was by those tears, and by their breaking out again more than once in the course of the quiet walk, that when I was on the coach, and it was clear of the town, I deliberated with an aching heart whether I would not get down when we changed horses, and walk back, and have another evening at home, and a better parting. We changed, and I had not made up my mind, and still considered for my comfort that it would be quite practicable to get down and walk back, when we changed again. And while I was occupied with these deliberations, I would fancy an exact resemblance to Joe in some man coming along the road toward us, and my heart would beat high. As if he could possibly be there!

We changed again, and yet again, and it was now too late and too far to go back, and I went on. And the mists had all solemnly risen now, and the world was before me.

THIS IS THE END OF THE FIRST STAGE OF PIP'S EXPECTATIONS.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

ON Friday, 1st February, in the Senate, Senator Ten Eyck presented the resolutions of the Legislature of New Jersey in favor of the Crittenden Compromise, but took occasion to dissent from their sentiments. A resolution offered by Senator Trumbull, providing for the appointment of a committee to co-operate with a committee of the House, in counting the Electoral votes for President and Vice-President, was objected to by Senator Bigler and laid over. The President's Message was then taken up for further consideration, and Senator Latham, of California, proceeded to address the Senate. When he had concluded the Tariff Bill was reported from the Select Committee, with amendments; and the Diplomatic, and the Executive and Judicial Appropriation Bills were passed.——In the House, Mr. Sherman, from the Committee of Ways and Means, reported a bill authorizing the President, before 1st of July next, to borrow $25,000,000, should so much be found necessary. Mr. Kellogg, of Illinois, offered a substitute for the report of the Special Committee of Thirty-three. Subsequently the report was considered in Committee of the Whole, and Mr. Hamilton, of Texas, made a strong Union speech. He was followed by Mr. Stokes, of Tennessee, who also made a telling speech for the Union. An evening session was held for general debate.

On Saturday, 2d, in the Senate, a petition from Michigan was presented by Senator Chandler, asking the Congress to adopt coercive measures toward the seceding States. The joint resolution presented on Friday, providing for the counting of the Electoral votes for President and Vice-President, was passed.——In the House, similar provision was made for counting the Presidential vote. Mr. Sherman called up the bill authorizing the President, before the 1st of July next, to borrow $25,000,000, should so large a sum be necessary to meet the exigencies of the Government, which was passed after considerable opposition. The Chiriqui amendment to the Deficiency Bill was then debated in Committee of the Whole, but no vote was taken upon it.

On Monday, 4th, the Senators from Louisiana withdrew from the Senate. Both Senators Slidell and Benjamin made speeches on the occasion. Senator Slidell took occasion to set forth the objects and aims of the new Confederacy, which he announced was to be constructed soon, and assured the Senate that all existing treaties of the United States would be faithfully regarded, including those relative to the African Slave-trade. A just proportion of the public debt would be assumed; the fortifications and other public property which had been seized would be accounted for, and the free navigation of the Mississippi would be guaranteed to all those residing in its valley. Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, offered a resolution, which was laid over, making inquiries relative to the late alleged seizure of Federal property at New Orleans. The President's last Message was debated, and speeches were made by Senators Clingman of North Carolina, and Hale of New Hampshire. The bill to provide for a government for the Territory of Idaho, was taken up and passed, after the name had been changed from Idaho to Colorado. The House Loan Bill was made the special order for Tuesday. ——In the House, Mr. M'Clernand, of Illinois, offered a resolution similar to that offered by Senator Wilson in the Senate, asking for information regarding late proceedings at New Orleans. The Deficiency Bill was considered in Committee of the Whole and the Senate's Chiriqui amendment was voted down, while the amendment to purchase the Wendell printing establishment was concurred in. The House resolved to hold evening sessions for general debate during the remainder of the week.

On Tuesday, 5th, in the Senate, after the presentation of a great number of petitions and memorials on the subject of the national troubles, a resolution, providing in the usual manner for the counting of the Electoral vote for President and Vice-President, was adopted. The Loan bill was taken up and passed, it meeting with no further opposition. The President's Special Message was then considered, and Senator Johnson, of Tennessee, gave his views of the crisis at length. His speech was a very powerful argument for the preservation of the Union, and a scathing rebuke to secession. A message was received from the President, accompanying a series of resolutions adopted by the Legislature of Kentucky, asking Congress to do something to arrest the dissolution of the Union.——In the House, Mr. Taylor, of Louisiana, announced the secession of his State, and made a farewell speech. Mr. Bouligny, of Louisiana, asked leave to make an explanation, and leave being granted, he proceeded to announce that until he received instructions from his immediate constituents to withdraw, he should continue to occupy a seat in the House, and when he did withdraw he should also resign his seat. The action of the Committee of the Whole on the amendments of the Deficiency Bill were concurred in. Mr. Colfax then called up his bill authorizing the Postmaster-General to suspend postal facilities in the seceding States, and speeches were made on it by Messrs. Branch of North Carolina, and Sickles of New York—the former in opposition to, and the latter in favor of it. The report of the Committee of Thirty-three was then considered until the recess. An evening session was held.

On Wednesday, 6th, in the Senate, a bill was reported from the Military Committee, by Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, and laid over, providing for the better organization of the militia of the District of Columbia. The President's Message being under consideration, Senator Johnson, of Tennessee, then proceeded to finish his speech, commenced on Tuesday.——In the House, a Message from the President similar to that sent to the Senate on Tuesday, accompanying the resolutions of the Kentucky Legislature, asking for the calling of a National Convention, was presented. The Senate's amendments to the Loan bill were considered and disagreed to, and a Committee of Conference was asked for. Mr. Colfax called up his bill relative to the postal service in the seceding States, and to prevent the impression that it was intended to recognize in the remotest degree the right of secession, as had been intimated by Mr. Hindman, of Arkansas, he presented a more carefully-worded substitute, which was passed—131 against 26. Mr. Florence, of Pennsylvania, presented a memorial from the Philadelphia Board of Trade, asking for an extension of the limits of entry and delivery at that port, accompanying it with the draft of a bill to effect the required object. It was referred to the Committee on Commerce. The report of the Committee of Thirty-three was then considered, and speeches were made by Messrs. Humphrey of New York, Harris of Virginia, Maynard of Tennessee, and Wells of New York. Mr. Harris made a Union speech, as did also Mr. Maynard—both advocating the adoption of the Crittenden Compromise.

On Thursday, 7th, in the Senate, Senator Thompson presented petitions in favor of the Crittenden Compromise. Petitions were also presented by Senator Collamer of Vermont, and Senator Cameron of Pennsylvania, in favor of compromise. The President's Message was then taken up for consideration, and Senator Wigfall, of Texas, proceeded to reply to the speech of Senator Johnson, of Tennessee. ——In the House, the bill reorganizing the Patent-Office and amending the Patent Laws, which originated in the Senate during the last session, was amended and passed. The report of the Committee of Thirty-three was taken up, and Mr. Corwin, the Chairman of the Committee, Mr. Davis, of Maryland, and Mr. Sedgwick spoke against secession. Mr. Vallandigham, of Ohio, brought forward a project to amend the Constitution so as to provide for four distinct Confederacies, to be known as the North, the West, the Pacific, and the Southern Confederacies. It does not seem to have commanded any attention. A joint resolution allowing Lieutenant Craven, of the Navy, to accept a medal from the Spanish Government for rescuing the crew of a Spanish vessel, was passed. Mr. Sickles, of New York, asked leave to introduce a resolution calling for information as to whether the duties on imports are still collected at the ports of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana, and Florida. Mr. Craige, of North Carolina, objected, and Mr. Sickles announced his intention to call up the resolution on Monday. An evening session for debate was held.

THE PEACE CONFERENCE.

This body assembled, at the invitation of Virginia, at Washington, District of Columbia, on 4th, and organized. Ex-President Tyler was chosen President, and Mr. Wright, of Ohio, Secretary. The proceedings are private; reporters are excluded. A Committee of one from each State was appointed to draft a scheme of adjustment. The following compose the Committee: Guthrie, Kentucky, Chairman; Fowler, New Hampshire; Hall, Vermont; Ames, Rhode Island; Baldwin, Connecticut; Vroom, New Jersey; White, Pennsylvania; Bates, Delaware; Johnson, Maryland; Seldon, Virginia; Ruffin, North Carolina; Guthrie, Kentucky; Ewing, Ohio; Smith, Indiana; Logan, Illinois; Harlan, Iowa.

THE SOUTHERN CONGRESS AT MONTGOMERY.

The Convention of the Southern Confederacy met at Montgomery, Alabama, on 4th instant, R. W. Barnwell temporary Chairman. An impressive prayer was offered by Rev. Basil Manley. On motion of R. B. Rhitt, Howell Cobb was selected for permanent President by acclamation, and Johnson F. Hooper was selected as permanent Secretary. All the Delegates were present except Mr. F. Morton, of Florida. In the course of Mr. Cobb's address, after taking the Chair, he said, the occasion which assembled us together was one of no ordinary character. We meet as the representatives of sovereign and independent States, who by a solemn judgment have dissolved all the political association which connected them with the Government of the United States. It is now a fixed irrevocable fact. The separation is perfect, complete, and perpetual. The great duty now imposed is to provide a Government for our future security and protection. We can and should extend to our sister States, and our late sister States, who are identified in interest and feeling and institutions, a cordial invitation to unite in a common destiny, and should be desirous at the same time of maintaining with our confederates friendly relations, political and commercial.

During the discussion on 5th, on the adoption of the rules for the Southern Congress, Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, said that the rules were made on the principle that we were a Congress of sovereign and independent States, and must vote as States.

THE SECESSION OF TEXAS.

The informal State Convention of Texas on the 1st inst. passed an Ordinance of Secession, by a vote of 166 to 7. The action of the Convention is to be submitted to the people on the 23d, and if indorsed by them, the Ordinance is to go into effect on the 2d of March. Governor Houston, it is understood, has recognized the Convention's action. Meantime rumor reaches us from Fort Smith, Arkansas, that the Texans intend still further to prove that secession must necessarily be accompanied with outrage. Forts Washita, Cobb, and Arbuckle, in the Indian Territory, are threatened by them.

THE ILLINOIS LEGISLATURE.

The Illinois Legislature, on Saturday, 2d, out of respect for Virginia, requested the Governor to appoint five Commissioners to the Washington Convention, but resolved, at the same time, that it should not be regarded as an expression of opinion on the part of that State that any amendment of the Federal Constitution is requisite to afford to the people of the slaveholding States adequate guaranties for the security of their rights, nor an approval of the basis of settlement of our difficulties proposed by the State of Virginia."

THE LEGISLATURE OF MICHIGAN.

This body has passed the following joint resolution on the state of the Union:

"*Whereas*, Certain citizens of the United States are, at this time, in open rebellion against the Government, and by overt acts threaten its peace and harmony, and compass its final overthrow; therefore,

"*Resolved*, That the Government of the United States is supreme, with full inherent powers of self-protection and defense.

"*Resolved*, That Michigan adheres to the Government, as ordained by the Constitution, and for sustaining it intact, hereby pledges and tenders to the General Government all its military power and military resources.

"*Resolved*, That concession and compromise are not to be entertained or offered to traitors, while the rights and interests of Union-loving citizens shall be regarded and respected in every place, and under all circumstances.

"*Resolved*, That his Excellency, the Governor, be requested to forward a copy of these resolutions to our Senators and Representatives in Congress, and to the Governors of our sister States."

AN INTERCEPTED DISPATCH FROM THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

The New Orleans *Delta*, of January 30, publishes the following dispatch, which explains itself:

MONTGOMERY, *January* 29, 1861.

To the Governor of Louisiana or Mayor of New Orleans:

The following dispatch was received here to-day, and has been held for a few hours:

WASHINGTON, *January* 29.

Wm. Hemphill Jones, New Orleans:

Tell Lieutenant Caldwell to arrest Captain Brushwood, assume command of the cutter (the *M'Clelland*), and obey the order I gave through you. If Captain Brushwood, after arrest, undertakes to interfere with the command of the cutter, Lieutenant Caldwell to consider him as a mutineer, and treat him accordingly. If any one attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot. JOHN A. DIX, *Secretary of the Treasury.*

A. B. MOORE, *Governor of Alabama.*

THE MARINE HOSPITAL AT NEW ORLEANS.

The New Orleans papers of January 30 deny, with great indignation, the story that the Marine Hospital at that city had been seized and patients turned out. The establishment is still under the charge of United States officers.

THE DEMAND FOR THE SURRENDER OF FORT SUMTER.

The correspondence between South Carolina and the United States, relative to the demand of Fort Sumter, has been published. The following is the first letter:

"STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, EXECUTIVE OFFICE,
HEAD-QUARTERS, CHARLESTON, *Jan.* 11, 1861.

"SIR,—At the time of the separation of the State of South Carolina from the United States, Fort Sumter was, and still is, in the possession of troops of the United States, under the command of Major Anderson. I regard that possession as not consistent with the dignity or safety of the State of South Carolina; and I have this day addressed to Major Anderson a communication to obtain from him the possession of that Fort by the authorities of this State. The reply of Major Anderson informs me that he has no authority to do what I required, but he desires a reference of the demand to the President of the United States.

"Under the circumstances now existing, and which need no comment by me, I have determined to send to you Hon. I. W. Hayne, the Attorney-General of the State of South Carolina, and have instructed him to demand the delivery of Fort Sumter, in the harbor of Charleston, to the constituted authorities of the State of South Carolina.

"The demand I have made of Major Anderson, and which I now make of you, is suggested because of my earnest desire to avoid the bloodshed which a persistence in your attempt to retain the possession of that fort will cause; and which will be unavailing to secure you that possession, but induce a calamity most deeply to be deplored.

"If consequences so unhappy shall ensue, I will secure for this State, in the demand which I now make, the satisfaction of having exhausted every attempt to avoid it.

"In relation to the public property of the United States within Fort Sumter, Hon. I. W. Hayne, who will hand you this communication, is authorized to give you the pledge of the State, upon the adjustment of its relations with the United States, of which it was a part.

"F. W. PICKENS.

"To the President of the United States."

ANOTHER LETTER FROM MAJOR ANDERSON.

The following letter from Major Anderson has been received by the Secretary of the New York State Military Association:

"FORT SUMTER, S. C., *January* 29, 1861.

"*H. Roosa, Corresponding Secretary of the New York State Military Association:*

"SIR,—There are so many things which require my attention that I have only time to acknowledge, very briefly, the receipt of your letter of the 18th inst., forwarding a copy of the resolutions of the New York State Military Association, approving the steps taken by me, in this harbor, to assert the proper authority of the Federal Government and maintain the honor of our country's flag.

"I thank the Association for the complimentary and pleasing terms in which they allude to what I have, by the blessing of God, done in the hope of preserving peace, and also for the honor conferred upon me by my election as an honorary member.

"Accept, if you please, my thanks for the expression of your own approbation of my course, and believe me to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"ROBERT ANDERSON,
"Major U.S.A., Commanding."

THE ULTIMATUM OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

The last document in the series is a long dispatch from Hon. A. G. Magrath, reviewing the whole subject, for the purpose of showing that the President is entirely wrong in the position he has assumed—and closing thus:

"The safety of the State requires that the position of the President should be distinctly understood. The safety of all the seceding States requires it as much as the safety of South Carolina. If it be so that Fort Sumter is held but as property, then, as property, the rights, whatever they may be, of the United States can be ascertained, and for the satisfaction of those rights, the pledge of the State of South Carolina you are authorized to give. If Fort Sumter is not held as property, it is held as a military post, and such a post within the limits of this State will not be tolerated.

"The letter of the President may be received as the reply to the question you were instructed to ask, as to his assertion of the right to send reinforcements to Fort Sumter. You were instructed to say to him, if he asserted that right, that the State of South Carolina regarded such a right, when asserted, or with an attempt at its exercise, as a declaration of war. If the President intends it shall not be so understood, it is proper, to avoid any misconception hereafter, that he should be informed of the manner in which the Governor will feel bound to regard it.

"If the President, when you have stated the reasons which prompt the Governor in making the demand for the delivery of Fort Sumter, shall refuse to deliver the fort, upon the pledges you have been authorized to make, you will communicate the refusal, without delay, to the Governor. If the President shall not be prepared to give you an immediate answer, you will communicate to him that his answer may be transmitted, within a reasonable time, to the Governor, at this place. The Governor does not consider it necessary that you should remain in Washington longer than is necessary to execute this, the closing duty of your mission, in the manner now indicated to you. As soon as the Governor shall receive from you information that you have closed your mission, and the reply, whatever it may be, of the President, he will consider the conduct which will be necessary on his part."

A SAMARITAN IN HOOPS.

A communication in the Charleston *Mercury* states that a lady who visited Fort Sumter, a few days ago, carried under her hoops a box of candles and some other articles which she supposed might be useful to the garrison.

MR. CRITTENDEN AGAINST A CONVENTION IN KENTUCKY.

The following letter we find in the Frankfort *Commonwealth* of Saturday:

"SENATE, *January* 28, 1861.

"MY DEAR COMBS,—I feel under many obligations to you for your many letters, and I beg that you will continue the correspondence, notwithstanding my omissions. What with business, consultations, and unavoidable company, I have in truth hardly time to write a line to the best friend, or even to draw a free breath. Your letters have a freshness about them that makes me feel and see the things you tell me. All things here are in chaos and darkness, yet I have every confidence that though my resolutions may not pass, they will be the root out of which a settlement will grow.

"The news from Frankfort is that you will not call a Convention. I am glad of it. There is no cause why we should *hasten* out of the Union at this time, and unless it is intended I do not know what we want with a Convention. Preparations made often induce us to do things from which more consideration would have restrained us. Old Kentucky has too much dignity and history to be drifted about by every changing tide in politics. *Her* movements in the present crisis ought to be well measured, well considered, and marked with steadfast manliness. We ought to see clearly what we are to gain by disunion before we abandon a Union in which we have enjoyed so much liberty, so much prosperity, and so many blessings. I write in haste and must conclude.

"Your friend, J. J. CRITTENDEN.

"General L. Combs."

MAJOR ANDERSON SUPPLIED WITH FRESH PROVISIONS.

Accounts from Charleston to the 4th inst. state that Major Anderson had been permitted by the State authorities to obtain supplies of fresh provisions from that city. It would appear that the chief reason why Major Anderson has not heretofore obtained supplies from Charleston is, that the dealers there would not make a contract, fearing, as is alleged, personal violence from their fellow-citizens.

THE INAUGURATION BALL.

The gentlemen who have undertaken to get up a grand Union Inauguration Ball on the 4th of March, have progressed finely thus far in their work, and it promises to be a complete success. A plan has been prepared for the temporary building to be erected for the purpose on the occasion, on Judiciary Square, and the design is an admirable one, as it will afford ample accommodation for a large number of people. The site chosen is one just in front of the barracks, recently erected near the City Hall for use by one of the artillery companies recently stationed here by order of General Scott. The expense of the ball is estimated at from twenty to twenty-five thousand dollars. Books for subscription will soon be opened in the principal cities, North, South, East, and West.

MR. LINCOLN'S FIRST PUBLIC LETTER.

Mr. Lincoln's first public letter since his election as President is addressed to the Indiana Legislature, and reads as follows:

"SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS, *Jan.* 28, 1861.

"*Messrs. R. A. Cameron, Walter March, and D. C. Branham, Committee:*

"GENTLEMEN,—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt, by your hands, of a copy of a joint resolution adopted by the Legislature of the State of Indiana, on the 15th instant, inviting me to visit that honorable body on my way to the Federal capital. Expressing my profound gratitude for this flattering testimonial of their regard and esteem, be pleased to bear to them my acceptance of their kind invitation, and inform them that I will endeavor to visit them, in accordance with their expressed desire, on the 12th day of February next. With feelings of high consideration, I remain your obedient servant,

"A. LINCOLN."

RETURN OF SOLDIERS' FAMILIES FROM THE SOUTH.

The United States storeship *Supply*, Commander Walker, arrived last week from Pensacola, having on board the wives and families of the Commander, officers, and others at Fort Pickens, Pensacola. She has had twenty days' passage, a portion of which was rough. The passengers and command arrived in good health.

The wives and children of the soldiers at Fort Sumter arrived on Wednesday in the *Marion*.

PERSONAL.

The caucus of the Republican members of the Legislature, held at Albany on Saturday 2d, nominated the Hon. Ira Harris of that city to succeed Governor Seward in the Senate of the United States. Judge Harris was nominated on the tenth ballot. His chief competitors were Mr. William M. Evarts, and Mr. Horace Greeley. Mr. Harris was formally elected on the following Monday, the Democrats voting for Governor Seymour.

The *Tribune* says: "It is cautiously whispered among the familiar friends of both parties in Albany that Mr. and Mrs. Burch, whose controversy recently created so much excitement about the country, are about to come together again. It was with a view of accomplishing this end that the further prosecution of the controversy was taken out of the Court after Mrs. Burch had obtained the custody of her youngest child, and mutual friends are now engaged in effecting a reconciliation upon the basis indicated.

The wife of Lieutenant Slemmer, the Commandant at Fort Pickens, arrived at this port last week with about 70 prisoners of war whom the rebels had captured at Pensacola and dismissed on parole.

The President has sent in to the Senate the nomination of Mr. Black, now Secretary of State, for Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Judge Daniels.

The Hon. Sherrard Clemens, and C. D. Hubbard of Virginia, Anti-Secession under any circumstances, were elected triumphantly on 4th to the State Convention, over their opponents, who refused to pledge themselves that they would not sign a secession ordinance.

It is understood that the New York bankers have met and come to an understanding that they will not take another dollar of the forthcoming United States loans, unless a compromise is effected which shall be satisfactory to the border Slave States.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE COTTON PANIC.

AN influential meeting has been held at Manchester to devise measures to relieve the cotton-trade from the anxiety resulting from the dependence on the Southern States of America. Resolutions were passed recommending efforts commensurate with the danger to prevent calamities; approving the steps taken for the formation of a Cotton Company; and expressing the desire that the Company recently launched should commence operations without delay.

Several American vessels have been registered at Liverpool under the British flag, in order to enable them to carry mail to South Carolina and return with cotton without fear of capture. Vessels are on the way to Liverpool with South Carolina clearances.

LETTER FROM LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

Lord John Russell, in a letter to the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, refers to the possible effects on the cotton supplies under the political crisis in the United States, and tenders to the cotton manufacturers the services of British Consuls in all cotton-producing districts, for the dissemination of the wants of the cotton trade, and the acquisition of information relative to possible supplies. Lord John says that Government is not prepared to incur any expenditure or any liability in the matter, but he thinks the Consuls may be useful in ascertaining what amount of cotton may be forthcoming from their respective districts to meet any sudden demand, or what amount might be brought into the local market, if the native dealers had a reasonable assurance of finding customers for it at a given time.

FRANCE.

MILITARY PREPARATIONS IN FRANCE.

The Paris correspondent of the *Daily News* says there is no doubt whatever that extraordinary naval and military preparations are being made by France. The excuse is the menacing attitude of Germany toward Denmark, and the speeches of the King of Prussia.

THE PATTERSON CASE.

The *Moniteur* directs attention to the case about to be brought before the tribunals, in which M. Jerome Bonaparte and Mrs. Patterson, the divorced wife of the late Prince Jerome, demand a partition of the Prince's property. The *Moniteur* recommends that the pleadings be waited for before opinions are formed.

THE EMPRESS ON SKATES.

A Paris letter says: "The French Emperor and Empress, the Count and Countess de Morny, and, in fact, all the Court people young enough to indulge in this kind of exercise, are on the ice every afternoon. The Emperor, who is a good skater, even at fifty-two years of age—a man is 'young' in this country, you know, till sixty—flies about through the crowd of skaters as unmolested as any other private gentleman. The Empress, who is not a skater, and who commenced her ice exercises in a handsome hand-sled with golden runners, has at last been induced to try skates, and yesterday made her *début* in a short Russian costume, which exposed her handsome feet and legs, and set off her person to great advantage. Her Majesty got along very well for a first attempt. She was led by the hand by several gentlemen in her first movements—among the rest Mr. Stevens, the well-known Belgian artist, and one of the 'crack' skaters, had the honor of conducting her Majesty. Several American ladies have appeared on skates; but ice is so rare at Paris that skating is not regarded as an amusement for the feminines. The initiative of the Empress will perhaps give it vogue for any future occasions that may present.

PRUSSIA.

WARLIKE SPEECHES OF THE KING.

At an interview with all the Generals in Berlin, the King of Prussia delivered the following warlike speech:

"I have been called to the throne at an epoch full of dangers, and with the prospect of combats in which I shall perhaps have need, gentlemen, of all your devotedness. If I and the Princes, who, like me, desire the maintenance of peace, do not succeed in turning aside the storm which is rising, we shall have need of all our forces to resist and defend ourselves. Let us not indulge in any illusions. If I do not succeed in turning aside the conflict, we shall be engaged in a combat in which we must vanquish if we are not willing to perish."

Addressing the Minister of War, the King said:

"You must courageously labor to make the army what it ought to be for the future protection of Prussia."

ITALY.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF GAETA.

Official dispatches announce that at eight o'clock on the morning of the 22d the batteries of Gaeta unexpectedly opened a heavy fire against the Sardinians. The latter promptly replied, and compelled the place to remain silent, and the besiegers continued their fire. Fourteen vessels were stationed before Gaeta, and at noon on the 22d the fleet was got into line. The Sardinians were actively engaged on new batteries.

A Naples telegram of the 23d says: "The batteries of Gaeta have slackened fire."

The official *Gazette* of Naples publishes a declaration of the blockade of Gaeta.

LETTER FROM GARIBALDI.

Garibaldi, in a letter to a Vigilance Committee in Italy, dated 13th of January, calls for fresh donations to procure the necessary means for facilitating to Victor Emanuel the enfranchisement of the rest of Italy. The Committee is urged to penetrate every Italian with the idea that in the spring of this year Italy must have a million of patriots under arms. He also says a journal should be established to inculcate upon the electors the choice of deputies, who, having as their first thought the enfranchisement and integrity of Italy, shall obtain from the Government the armory of the nation.

PARIS FASHIONS.

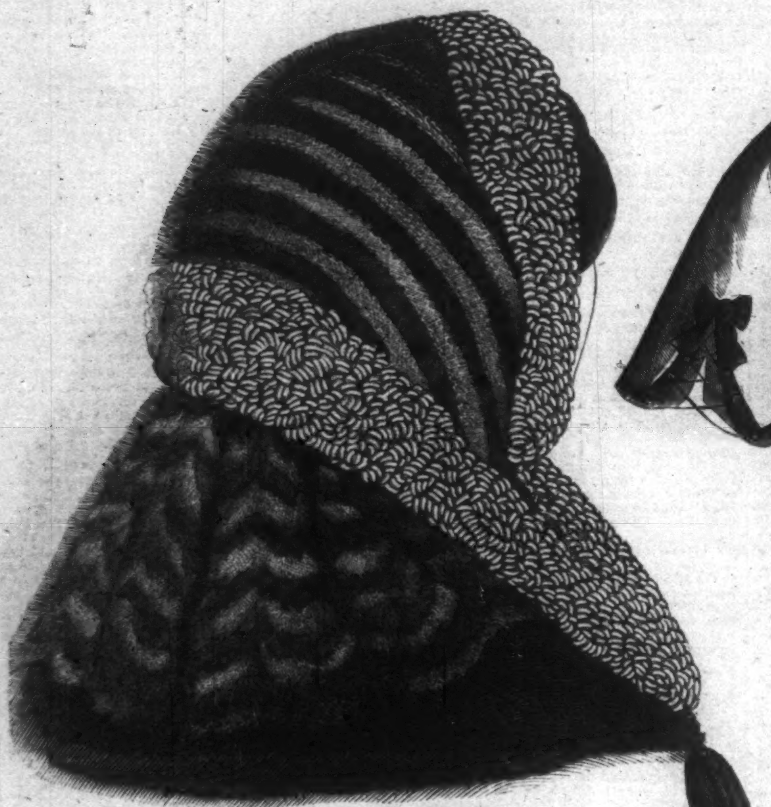
OUR lady readers will find on the two following pages illustrations of the latest Winter Fashions. In mantles there is a great variety. No. 1, at the extreme left of our illustration, is of dark gray *drap velouté*, trimmed with narrow strips of black velvet, which are in turn edged with brown plush. The next is of black velvet, trimmed with black lace. No. 3 is also of rich black velvet, richly embroidered in black silk. No. 4, the centre figure, shows a mantle, fitting closely to the figure, and made of brown cloth, trimmed with black plush. Next on the right of this are two views, front and side, of a *Burnous, sortie de bal*, of white Cashmere, with orange stripes, and the lower border also having two stripes of orange Cashmere. No. 7 is of black velvet, trimmed with a gray plush, which much resembles fur. The buttons are in gray and black. No. 8 is of black cloth, trimmed with a brown fur.

In the upper right-hand corner is a hood, made of a square of fine red flannel, trimmed with black velvet and black lace. It is folded to form a triangular piece, in which the under edges project so as to show two rows of trimming. The short Zouave jacket, of which we give front and back views, is made of blue Cashmere, lined with white silk. It is trimmed in black.

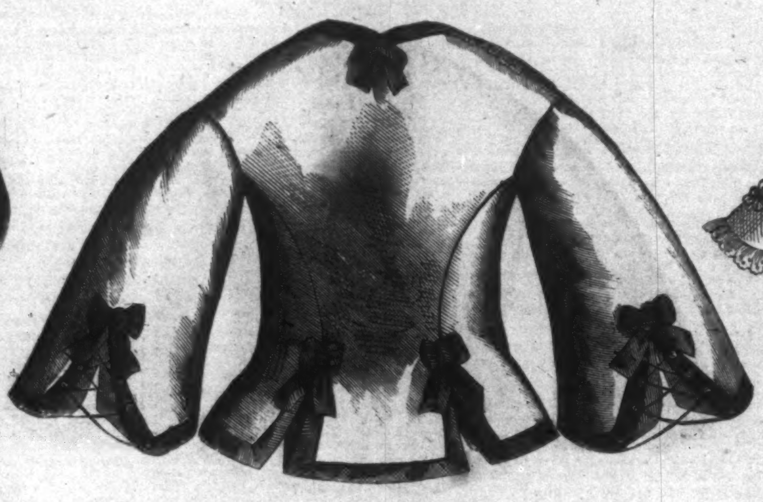
The woolen hood is knit, and requires, as material, two ounces of white and two ounces of gray zephyr worsted, and two ounces of white Angola wool.

The Italian collar consists of four puffs, made of Brussels cloth, each four centimetres broad, and the four sewed together. Each is marked with a border of small black or blue velvet ribbon. To the lower puff is joined a smooth, broad garniture, cut in twelve folds, each fold ornamented with a rosette of narrow velvet ribbon, and the whole edged with a quite narrow gathered edging of the same material; a rosette of narrow black velvet ribbon, with long ends, also covers the junction of the fichu in front.

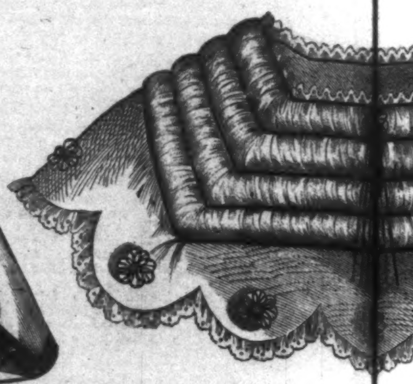
Woolen Hood.

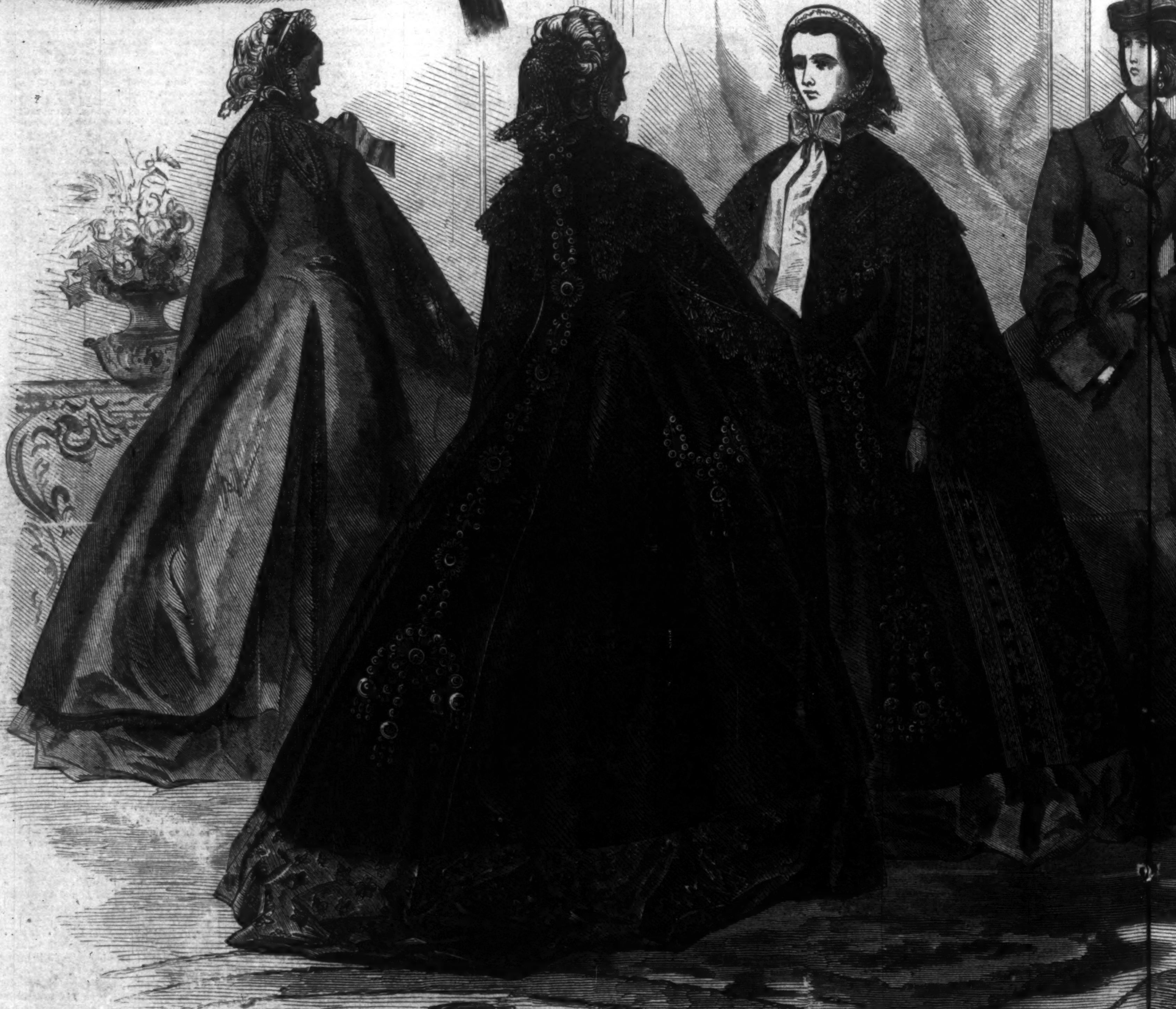


Zouave Jacket (Back).

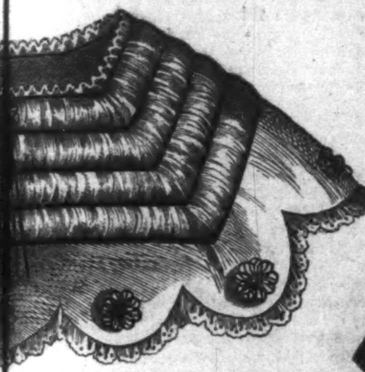


Italian Colla

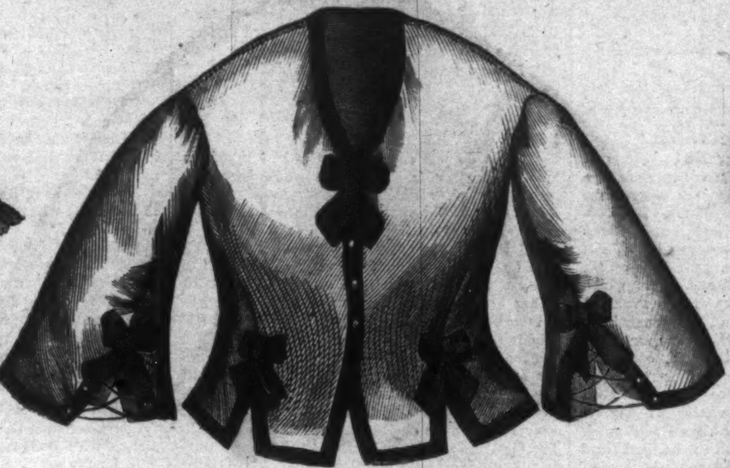




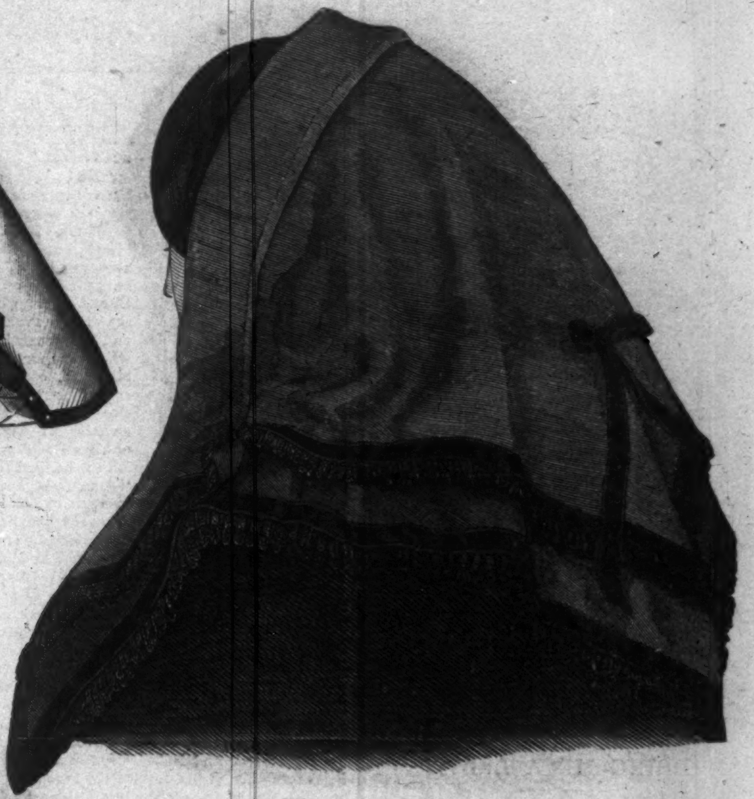
PARIS FASHIONS F



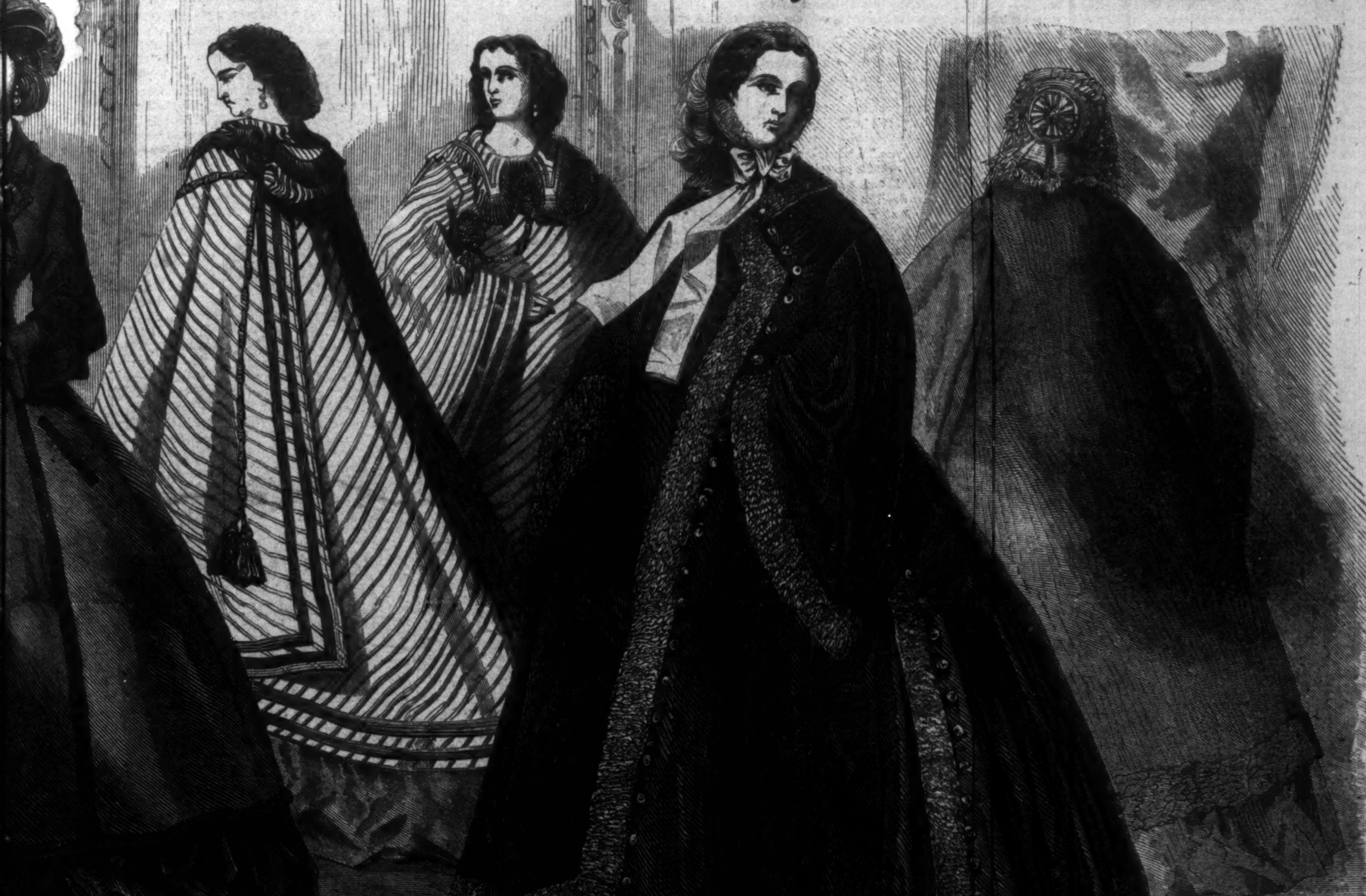
Collar.



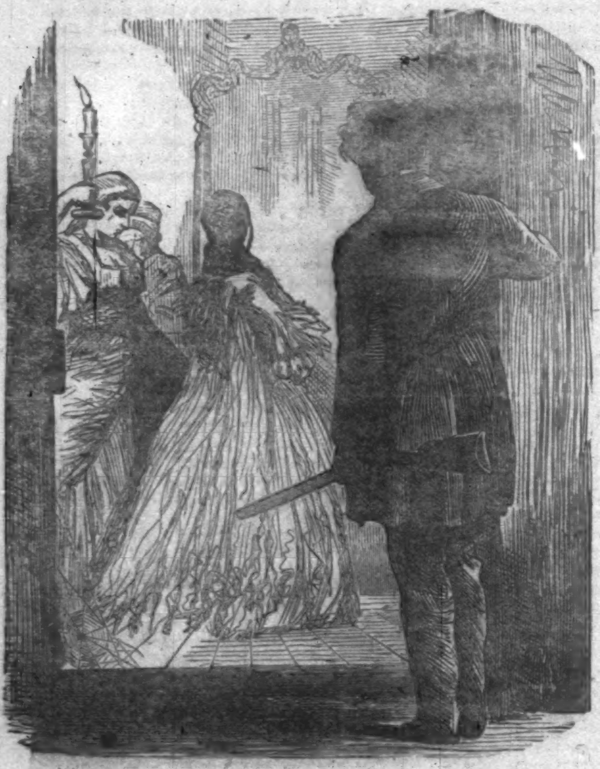
Zouave Jacket (Front).



Hood of Red Flannel.



FOR FEBRUARY.



"BRING ME A LIGHT!"

A GHOST STORY.

My name is Thomas Whinmore, and when I was a young man I went to spend a college vacation with a gentleman in Westmoreland. He had known my father's family, and had been appointed the trustee of a small estate left me by my great-aunt, Lady Jane Whinmore. At the time I speak of I was one-and-twenty, and he was anxious to give up the property into my hands. I accepted his invitation to "come down to the old place and look about me." When I arrived at the nearest point to the said "old place," to which the Carlisle coach would carry me, I and my portmanteau were put into a little cart, which was the only wheeled thing I could get at the little wayside inn.

After we had journeyed a few miles, my driver, a tall, strong, old man, glancing sharply at me, inquired: "Be ye t'maister, lad?"

"I am," said I. "My name is Whinmore."

"Maister Tom?"

"The same. Do you know any thing about me and my old house?"

"'Deed do I. You're the heir of t'ould leddy. Mr. Erle is your guardian, and farms your lands."

"I know so much, myself," I replied. "I want you to tell me who lives in Whinmore Hall now; surely there is somebody, some old woman or other, who lives in the old house and airs the rooms!"

"'Deed is there. But it's nobbut ghosts and deevil's spawn of that sort."

"I am surprised, Mr. Thirlston, to hear a man like you talk such nonsense."

"What like man do ye happen know that [illegible]am, Maister Whinmore? Tho' if I talk nonsense (and I'm no gainsaying what a learned colleger like you can tell about nonsense), yet it's just the things I have heard and seen mysel' I am speaking of."

"What have you heard and seen at Whinmore Hall?"

"What a' body hears and sees to Whinmore, 'twixt sunset and moonlight; and what I used to see times and oft, when I lived there farming-man to t'ould Leddy Jane—what I'm not curious to see again, now. So get on, Timothy," he added to the horse, "or we may chance to come in for a fright."

"Is that the house, yonder, on the right?" I asked.

"There's na ither house, good or bad, to be seen from this," he replied: but I observed that he did not turn his head in the direction I had indicated. He kept a look-out straight between the horse's ears; I, on the contrary, never took my eyes off the gray building which we were approaching. Just as we entered the shadow cast by the trees of the shrubbery our horse snorted, and sprang several yards from the inclosure.

"Now for it! It is your own fault for running away, and bringing us late," muttered Ralph Thirlston, grasping the reins and standing up to get a better hold of the horse. Timothy now stood still; and to my surprise he was trembling in every limb, and shaking with terror.

"Something has frightened the beast," said I. "I shall just go and see what it was," and was about to jump down, when I felt Ralph Thirlston's great hand on my arm: it was a powerful grip.

"For the love of God, lad, stay where ye are!" he said, in a frightened whisper. "It's just here that my brother met his death, for doing what you want to do now."

"What! For walking up to that fence and seeing what trifle frightened a skittish horse?" And I looked at the fence intently. There was nothing to be seen but a straggling bough of an elder bush which had forced its way through a chink in the rotten wood and was waving in the wind.

Finding that the man was really frightened as well as the horse, I humored him. He still held my arm.

"There is no need for any one to go closer to see the cause of poor Timothy's fear," I said, laughing. "If you will look, Mr. Thirlston, you will see what it was."

"Na! lad, na! I'm not going to turn my face toward the deevil and his works. 'Lord have mercy upon us! Christ have mercy upon us! Our Father which art in heaven—'" and he repeated the whole prayer with emphasis, slowness, and with his eyes closed. I sat still, an amazed witness of his state of mind. When he had said "Amen," he opened his eyes, and looking down at the horse, who seemed to have recovered, as I judged by his putting his head down to graze, he gave a low whistle, and tightening the reins once more, Timothy allowed himself to be driven forward. Thirlston kept his face away from the inclosure on his right hand, and looked steadily at Timothy. I gave another glance toward the innocent elder bough—but what was my astonishment to see where it had been, or seemed to be, the figure of a man with a drawn sword in his hand.

"Stop, Thirlston! stop!" I cried. "There is somebody there. I see a man with a sword. Look! Turn back, and I'll soon see what he is doing there."

"Na! na! Never turn back to meet the deevil, when ye have once got past him!" And Thirlston drove on rapidly.

"But he may overtake you," I cried, laughing. But as I looked back I saw that a pursuit was not intended, for the figure I had seen was gone. "I'll pay a visit to that devil to-morrow," I added. "I shall not harbor such game in my preserves."

"Lord's sake, don't talk like that, Maister Whinmore!" whispered Thirlston. "We're just coming to the gaet! Maybe they may strike Timothy dead!"

"They? Who? Not the ghosts, surely?" I looked through the great gate as we passed, and saw the whole front of the house. "Why, Mr. Thirlston, you said no one lived in the old Hall! Look! There are lights in the windows."

"Ay! ay! I thought you would see them," he said, in a terrified whisper, without turning his head.

"Why, look at them yourself," cried I, pointing to the house.

"God forbid!" he exclaimed, and he gave Timothy a stroke with the whip that sent him flying past the rest of the garden of the Hall. Our ground rose again, and in a few minutes a good view of the place was obtained. I looked back at it with vivid interest. No lights were to be seen now, no moving thing; the black windows contrasted with the gray walls, and the gray chimneys with the black clouds, as when the place first appeared to me. The moon now rose above a dark hill on our left. Thirlston allowed Timothy to slacken his speed, and, turning round his head, he also looked back at Whinmore Hall.

"We are safe enough now," he said. "The only dangerous time is betwixt sunset and moonrise, when people are passing close to the accursed ould place."

About a mile further the barking of a house-dog indicated that we were approaching Mr. Erle's. The driver stopped at a small wicket-gate leading into a shrubbery, got down, and invited me to do the same. He then fastened Timothy to the gate-post. The garden and the house have nothing to do with my present tale, and are far too dear to me to be flung in as an episodical adornment. They form the scenery of the romantic part of my own life; for Miss Erle became my wife a few years after this first visit to Whinmore. I saw her that evening, and forgot Ralph Thirlston, the old Hall, its ghosts and mysterious lights. However, the next morning I was forced back to this workaday world in her father's study. There I heard Mr. Erle's account of my property. All the land was farmed by himself, except the few acres round the Hall, which no one would take because it was not worth tillage, and because of the evil name of the house itself.

"I suppose you know why no tenant can be found for the Hall, since Ralph Thirlston drove you over?"

"Yes," I said, smiling. "But I could get no rational account from him. What is this nonsense about ghosts and lights? Who lives in the Hall?"

"No one, my good fellow. Why, you would not get the stoutest man in the parish, and that's Thirlston, to go into the house after sunset, much less live in it."

"But I have seen lights in some of the windows myself."

"So have I," he replied.

"Do you mean to say that no human beings make use of the house, in virtue of the superstition about it? Tricks of this kind are not uncommon."

"At the risk of seeming foolish in your eyes, I must reply that I believe no human beings now living have any hand in the operations which go on in Whinmore Hall." Mr. Erle looked perfectly grave as he said this.

"I saw a man, with a sword in his hand, start from a part of the fence. I think he frightened our horse."

"I, too, have seen the figure you speak of. But I do not think it is a living man."

"What do you suppose it to be?" I asked, in amazement; for Mr. Erle was no ignorant or weak-minded person. He had already impressed me with real respect for his character and intellect.

He smiled at my impetuous tone.

"I live apart from what is called the world," said he. "Grace and I are not polite enough to think every thing which we can not account for either impossible or ridiculous. Ten years ago I myself was a new resident in this county, and wishing to improve your property, I determined to occupy the old Hall myself. I had it prepared for my family. No mechanic would work about the place after sunset. However, I brought all my servants from a distance, and took care that they should have no intercourse with any neighbor for the first three days. On the third evening they all came to me and said that they must leave the next morning—all but Grace's nurse, who had been her mother's attendant, and was attached to the family. She told me that she did think it safe for the child to remain another night, and that I must give her permission to take her away."

"What did you do?" said I.

"I asked for some account of the things that had frightened them. Of course I heard some wild and exaggerated tales; but the main phenomena related were what I myself had seen and heard, and which I was as fully determined as they were not to see and hear again, or to let my child have a chance of encountering. I told them so, candidly; and at the same time declared that it was my belief God's providence or punishment was at work in that old house, as every where else in creation, and not the devil's mischievous hand. Once more I made a rigorous search for secret devices and means for producing the sights and sounds which so many had heard and seen, but without any discovery: and before sunset that afternoon the Hall was cleared of all human occupants. And so it has remained until this day."

"Will you tell me the things you saw and heard?"

"Nay, you had better see and hear them for yourself. We have plenty of time before sunset. I can show you over the whole house, and if your courage holds good, I will leave you there to pass an hour or so between sunset and moonrise. You can come back here when you like; and if you are in a condition to hear, and care to hear, the story which peoples your old Hall with horrors, I will tell it you."

"Thank you," said I. "Will you lend me a gun and pistols to assist me in my investigations?"

"Surely." And taking down the weapons I had pointed out, he began to examine them.

"You want them loaded?"

"Certainly, and with bullets. I am not going to play."

Mr. Erle loaded both gun and pistols. I put the latter into my pocket, and we left the room by the window. Grace Erle met us on the moor, riding a shaggy pony.

"Where are you going, so near dinner time?" she asked.

"Mr. Whinmore is going to look at the old Hall."

"And his gun?" she asked, smiling.

"I want to shoot vermin there."

She looked as if she were about to say something eagerly, but checked herself, and rode slowly away. I looked after her, and wondered what she was going to say. Perhaps she wished to prevent me from going.

Presently we stood before the great iron gate of Whinmore. Mr. Erle took two keys from his pocket. With one he unlocked the gate, with the other the chief door. There were no other fastenings. These were very rusty, and were moved with difficulty.

"People don't get in this way," said I. "That is clear."

The garden was a sad wilderness, and grass grew on the broad steps which led up to the door.

As soon as we had crossed the threshold I felt the influence of that desolate dwelling creep over my spirits. There was a cold stagnation in the air—a deathly stillness—a murky light in the old rooms that was indescribably depressing. All the lower windows had their pierced shutters fastened, and cobwebs and dust adorned them plentifully.

Yet I could have sworn I saw lights in two, at least, of these lower windows. I said so to my companion. He replied:

"Yes. It was in this very room you saw a light, I dare say. This is one in which I have seen lights myself. But I do not wish to spoil my dinner by seeing any thing supernatural now. We will leave it, and I will hasten to the lady's bed-chamber and dressing-room, where the apparitions and noises are most numerous."

I followed him, but cast a glance round the room before I shut the door carefully. It was partly furnished like a library, but on one side was a bed, and beside it an easy-chair. "What name is given to this room? It looks ominous of some evil deed," I said.

"It is called 't'ould Squire's Murder Room' by the people who know the story connected with it."

"Ah!" I said; "then I may look for a ghost there?"

"You will perhaps see one, or more, if you stay long enough," said Mr. Erle, with the utmost composure. After showing me some other rooms, he added: "Most of the rooms are good enough for a gentleman's household. The rooms I have shown you, and the passages and staircase which lead from one to the other, are the only portions of the house in which you are subjected to annoyance. I have slept in both the rooms, and advise no one else to do so."

"You had bad dreams?" I asked, with an involuntary smile, as I took my gun from the hall-table, where I had left it.

"As you please," said Mr. Erle, smiling also.

I stretched out my hand to him when we stood at the gate together.

"Good-night!" said I. "I think I shall sleep in one of those rooms, and return to you in the morning."

Mr. Erle shook his head. "You will be back at my house within three hours, Tom Whinmore; so, *au revoir!*"

He strode away over the moor. His fine figure appeared almost gigantic as it moved between me and the setting sun.

"That does not look like a man who should be a prey to weak superstition, any more than good Ralph Thirlston, who drove home alone willingly enough past this same gate and fence at nine o'clock last night! The witching hour, it seems, is just after sunset. Well, it wants a quarter of an hour of that now," I continued, thinking silently. "There will be time enough for me to explore the garden a little before I return to the house and wait for my evening's entertainment."

I walked through the shrubbery and lingered on the grass-grown steps to look at the last rays of the sun, reddening the heather on the distant fell. As I leaned on my gun enjoying the profound stillness of this place, far from all sounds of village, or wood, or sea—a stillness that seemed to deepen and deepen into unearthly intensity—the charm was broken by a human voice speaking near me—the tone was hollow and full of agony—"*Bring me a light! Bring me a light!*" it cried. It was like a sick or dying man. The voice came, I thought, from the room next to me on the right hand of the Hall. I rushed into the house and to the door of that room; it was the first which Mr. Erle had shown me. I remembered shutting the door—it now stood wide open; and there was a sound of hurrying footsteps within.

"Who is there?" I shouted. No answer came. But there passed by me, as it were, in the very door-way, the figure of a young and, as I could see at a glance, very beautiful woman.

When she moved onward I could not choose but follow, trembling with an indefinable fear, yet borne on by a mystic attraction. At the foot of the stairs she turned on me again, and smiled, and beckoned me with an upraised arm, whereon great jewels flashed in the gloom. I followed her quickly, but could not overtake her. My limbs—I am not ashamed to say it—shook with strange fear; yet I could not turn back from following that fair form. Onward she led me—up the stairs and through the gallery to the door of the lady's chamber. There she paused a moment, and again turned her bewitching face, radiant with smiles, upon me before she disappeared within the dark door-way. I followed into the room, and saw her stand before the antique toilet and arrange in her bosom a spray of roses; then she kissed her hand to me and glided to the narrow stairs that led to the little room above. Then came a loud haughty voice—the voice of a woman accustomed to command. It sounded from the little room above, and it could not be the voice of that fair girl, I felt sure. It said:

"*Bring me a light! Bring me a light!*"

I shuddered at the sound; I knew not why, but I stood there still. I then saw the figure of an old female servant rise from a chair by one of the windows. She approached the toilet, and there I saw her light two tapers, with her breath, it seemed.

"*Bring me a light!*" was repeated in an angry tone from the upper room.

The old woman passed rapidly to the stairs. Thither I followed in obedience to a sign from her; and mounting to the top, saw into the room.

That beautiful girl stood in the centre, with her costly lace gown sweeping the floor, and her bright curls drooping to the waist. Her back was toward me, but I could see her innocent, sweet face in the great glass. What a lovely, happy face it was!

Behind her stood another lady, taller, and more majestic. She pretended to caress her, but her proud eyes, unseen by the young lady, brightened with triumphant malice. They danced gladly in the light of the taper which she took from the maid. "God of heaven! can a woman look so wicked?" I thought.

"*Watch her!*" whispered a voice in my ear—a voice that stirred my hair.

I did watch her. Would to God I could forget that vision! She—the woman, the fiend—bent carefully to the floor, as though to set right something amiss in the border of the fair bride's robe. I saw her lower the flame of the candle, and set fire to the dress of the smiling, trusting girl. Ere I could move she was enveloped in flames, and I heard her wild shrieks mingling with the low demoniac laughter of her murderess.

I remember suddenly raising the gun in my hand and firing at the horrid apparition. But still she laughed and pointed with mocking gestures to the flames and the writhing figure they enveloped. I ran forward to extinguish them; my arms struck against the wall, and I fell down insensible.

* * * * * * *

When I recovered my senses I found myself lying on the floor of that little room, with the bright cold moon looking in on me. I waited without moving, listening for some more of those demon sounds. All was still. I rose—went to the window—the moon was high in heaven, and all the great moor seemed light as day. The air of that room was stifling. I turned and fled. Hastily I ran down those few steps—quicker yet through the great chamber and out into the gallery. As I began to go down the stairs I saw a figure coming up.

I was now a very coward. Grasping the baluster with one hand, and feeling for the unused pistol with the other, I called out—

"Who are you?" and with stupid terror I fired at the thing without pausing.

There was a slight cry; a very human one. Then a little laugh.

"Don't fire any more pistols at me, Mr. Whinmore. I'm not a ghost."

Something in the voice sent the blood once more coursing through my veins.

"Is it —?" I could not utter another word.

"It is I, Grace Erle."

"What brought you here?" I said, at length, after I had descended the stairs, and had seized her hand that I might feel sure it was of flesh and blood.

"My pony. We began to get uneasy about you. It is nearly midnight. So papa and I set off to see what you were doing."

"What the devil are you firing at, Whinmore?" asked Mr. Erle, coming hurriedly from a search in the lower rooms.

"Only at *me*, papa!" answered his daughter, archly, glancing up at my face. "But he is a bad shot, for he didn't hit me."

"Thank God!" I ejaculated—"Miss Erle, I was mad."

"No, only very frightened. Look at him, papa!"

Mr. Erle looked at me. He took my arm.

"Why! Whinmore, you don't look the better for seeing the spirits of your ancestors. However, I see it is no longer a joking matter with you. You do not wish to take up your abode here immediately."

I rallied under their kindly *badinage*.

"Let me get out of this horrible place," said I.

Mr. Erle led me beyond the gate. I leaned against it in a state of exhaustion.

"Here. Try your hand at my other pocket-pistol!" said Mr. Erle, as he put a precious flask of that kind to my lips. After a second application of the remedy I was decidedly better.

Miss Erle mounted her pony, and we set off across the moor. I was very silent, and my companions talked a little with each other. My mind was too confused to recollect just then all that I had experienced during my stay in the house, and I wished to arrange my thoughts and compose my nerves before I conversed with Mr. Erle on the strange visions of that night.

I excused myself to my host and his daughter in the best way I could, and after taking a slice of bread and a glass of water I went to bed.

The next day I rose late; but in my right mind. I was much shocked to think of the cowardly fear which had led me to fire a pistol at Miss Erle. I began my interview with my host by uttering some expressions of this feeling. But it was an awkward thing to declare myself a fool and a coward.

"The less we say about that the better," said her father, gravely. "Fear is the strongest human passion, my boy; and will lead us to commit the vilest acts if we let it get the mastery."

"I acknowledge that I was beside myself with terror at the sights and sounds of that accursed house. I was not sane at the moment I saw your daughter! I shall never—"

"Whinmore, she hopes you will never mention it again! *We* certainly shall not. Now, if you are disposed to hear the story of your ancestor's evil deeds, I am ready to fulfill the promise I made you last night."

"How long ago I can't exactly find out, but some time between the Reformation and the Great Rebellion, the Whinmores settled in this part of the county, and owned a large tract of land. They were iron-handed and iron-hearted, stanch Catholics, and stanch Jacobites, during the religious and political dissensions of the end of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth centuries. After the establishment of the Hanoverian dynasty the Whinmores of Whinmore Hall ceased to take any part in public affairs. They were too proud to farm their own land; and putting trust in a nefarious steward, the Whinmore who reigned at the Hall when King George the Second reigned over England was compelled to keep up appearances by selling half the family estate.

"The Whinmore in question, '*t'ould squire*,' as the people call him, was a melancholy man, not much blessed in the matrimonial lottery. His wife, Lady Henrietta Whinmore, was the daughter of a poor Catholic Earl. Tradition says she was equally beautiful and proud; and I believe it.

"To return. This couple had only one child, a son. When Lady Henrietta found that her husband was a gentleman of a moping and unenterprising turn of mind, that she could not persuade him to compromise his principles, and so find favor with the new government, she devoted herself to the education of her son, Graham. As he was a clever boy, with strong health and good looks, she determined that he should retrieve the fortunes of the family. She kept him under her own superintendence till he was ten years of age. She then sent him to Eton, with his cousin the little Earl of ——. He was brought up a Protestant, and thus the civil disabilities of the family would be removed. He was early accustomed to the society of all ranks, to be found in a first-class English public school; and his personal gifts as well as his mental excellence helped to win him the good opinion of others. Graham came home from Oxford in his twenty-third year a first-class man. He staid at home for a month or two in repose, after the fatigues of study. One afternoon, as he rode home from a distant town, he paused on the top of Whinmore Hill, which commands a good view of the Hall. The simple bareness of the great hills around, the antique beauty and retirement of the Hall—above all, the sweet impressive stillness of the place, had often charmed Graham, as a boy. Now he gazed with far stronger feeling at it all.

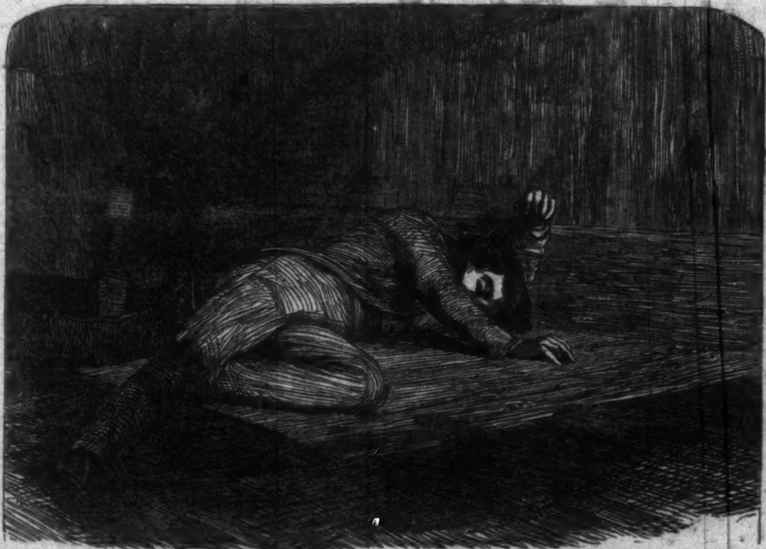
"'It shall *not* be lost to me and my children,' he vowed, inwardly. 'I will redeem the mortgage on the house, I will win back every acre of the old Whinmore land. Yes, I will work for wealth; but I must lose no time, or my opportunity will be gone.'

"He looked at the ruined part of the house, and began to calculate the cost of rebuilding as he hastened forward. As soon as he entered the house he went to see his father, whom he had not seen that day. He found him in his bed, with the nurse asleep in the easy-chair beside it. His father did not recognize him, and to Graham's mind looked very much changed since the previous day. He left the room in search of his mother; thinking, in spite of his love for her, that she neglected her duty as a wife. 'She should be beside him now,' he thought. Still he framed the best excuse he could for her then, for he loved and reverenced her. She was so strong-minded, so beautiful. Above all, she loved him with such passionate devotion. He dreaded to tell her the resolution he had formed. She was an aristocrat and a woman. She did not understand the mutation of things in that day; she would not believe that the best way to wealth and power was not through the Court influence, but by commercial enterprise. He went to her bedroom, the Lady's Chamber, in which you were last night. She was not there, and he was about to retreat, when he heard her voice in anger speaking to some one in the dressing-room or oratory above. Graham went toward the stairs, and was met by an old female servant who was in his mother's confidence, and acted as her maid and head-nurse to his father. She came down in tears, murmuring, 'I can not bear it. It was you gave me the draught for him. I will send for a doctor.'

"'A doctor, indeed! He wants no doctor,' cried the angry mistress. 'And don't talk any more nonsense, my good woman, if you value your place.'

"In her agitation the woman did not see her young master, and hastily left the room.

"Astonished at the woman's words, he slowly ascended the steps to the dressing-room. He found his mother standing before the long looking-glass arrayed in a rich dress of old point lace, over a brocaded petticoat, with necklace, bracelets, and tiara of diamonds. She looked very handsome as her great eyes still flashed and her cheek was yet crimson with anger. She turned hastily as her son's foot was heard on the topmost stair. When she saw who it was her face softened with a smile.



"MY ARMS STRUCK AGAINST THE WALL, AND I FELL DOWN INSENSIBLE."

"'You here, Graham? I have been wanting you.'

"'Where are you going, mother, decked out in the family diamonds and lace?'

"'Have you forgotten?—To the ball at the Lord-Lieutenant's. You must dress quickly, or we shall be late.'

"At that moment hasty steps were heard in the chamber below, and a voice called:

"'My lady! my lady! come quick! The Squire is dying!'

"Mother and son went fast to Mr. Whinmore's room. They arrived in time to see the old man die. He pointed to her, and cried with his last breath,

"'*She did it! She did it!*'

"Lady Henrietta sat beside his bed and listened to these incoherent words without any outward emotion. She watched the breath leave the body, and then closed the eyes herself. But though she kept up so bravely then, she was dangerously ill for several months after her husband's death, and was lovingly tended by her son and the old servant.

* * * * * * *

"I must now pass over ten years. Before the end of that time Graham Whinmore had become rich enough to buy back every acre of the land and to build a bran-new house, twenty times finer than the old one, if he were so minded. But he was by no means so minded. He restored the old house—made it what it now is.

"The Lady Henrietta lived there still; and superintended all the improvements.

"It was the autumn of the tenth year since her husband's death, and she was expecting Graham shortly for his yearly visit to the Hall. She sat looking over papers of importance in her dressing-room; the old servant (who seems to have grown no older) sat sewing in the bedroom below, when a housemaid brought in a letter which the old servant took immediately to her mistress.

"Lady Henrietta opened the letter quickly, for she saw that the handwriting was her son's. 'Perhaps he is coming this week,' she thought with a thrill of delight. 'Yes, he will come to take me to the Lord-Lieutenant's ball. He is proud of his mother yet, and I must look my best.' But she had not read a dozen words before the expression of her face changed. Surprise darkened into contempt and anger—anger deepened into rage and hatred. She uttered a sharp cry of pain. The old servant ran to her in alarm; but her mistress had composed herself, though her cheek was livid.

"'Did your ladyship call me?'

"'Yes. Bring me a light!'

"In this letter Graham announced his return home the following week with a wife—a beautiful girl, penniless, and without connections of gentility. No words can describe the bitter rage and disappointment of this proud woman. Receive a beggarly, low-born wench for her daughter-in-law?—No! She would never do that. She paced the room with soft, firm steps, like a panther. After a time thought became clearer, and she saw that there was no question of her willingness to receive her daughter-in-law, but of that daughter-in-law's willingness to allow her to remain in the house. Ah! but it was an awful thing to see the proud woman when she looked that fact fully in the face. She hated her unseen daughter with a keen cold hate—a remorseless hate born of that terrible sin, Pride. But she was not a woman to hate passively. She paced to and fro, turning and returning with savage, stealthy quickness. The day waned, and night began. Her servant came to see if she were wanted, and was sent away with a haughty negative. 'She is busy with some wicked thought,' murmured the old woman.

* * * * * * *

"Graham Whinmore's bride was, as he had said, 'so good and so lovely, that no one ever thought of asking who were her parents.' She was also accomplished and elegant in manner. She was in all respects but birth superior to the Duke's daughter whom Lady Henrietta had selected for her son's wife. The beautiful Lilian's father was a music master, and she had given lessons in singing herself. Lady Henrietta learned this and every thing else concerning her young daughter-in-law that could be considered disgraceful in her present station. But she put restraint on her contempt, and received her with an outward show of courtesy and stately kindness. Graham believed that for his sake his mother was determined to forget his wife's low origin, and he became easy about the result of their connection after he had seen his mother caress his wife once or twice. He felt sure that no one could know Lilian and not love her. He was proud and happy to think that two such beautiful women belonged to him.

"The Lord-Lieutenant's ball was expected to be unusually brilliant that year, and Graham was anxious that his wife should be the queen of the assembly.

"'I should like her to wear the old lace and the jewels, mother,' said Graham.

"The Lady Henrietta' eyebrows were contracted for a moment, and she shot forth a furtive glance at Lilian, who sat near, playing with a greyhound.

"If Graham had seen that glance! But her words he believed.

"'Certainly, my son. It is quite proper that your wife should wear such magnificent heir-looms. There is no woman of quality in this country that can match them. I am proud to abdicate my right in her favor.'

"'There, Lilian! Do you hear, you are to eclipse the Duchess herself!'

"'I will do so, if you wish it,' said Lilian. 'But I do not think that will amuse me so much as dancing.'

* * * * * * *

'Balls, in those times, began at a reasonable hour. Ladies who went to a ball early in November began to dress by daylight.

"Lilian had been dressed by her maid. Owing to a certain sentimental secret between her and her husband, she wore her wedding-dress of white Indian muslin, instead of a rich brocaded silk petticoat, underneath the grand lace robe. The diamonds glittered gayly round her head and her softly-rounded throat and arms. She went to the old library, where Graham sat awaiting the ladies. She wanted his opinion concerning her appearance. The legend does not tell how he behaved on this occasion, but leaves it to young husbands to imagine.

"'You must go to my mother, and let her see how lovely you look. Walk first, that I may see how you look behind.' So she took from his hand a spray of roses he had gathered, and preceded him from the room, and up the staircase to his mother's chamber. She was in the dressing-room above.

"'Go up by yourself,' said Graham; 'I will remain on the stairs, and watch you both. I should like to hear what she says, when she does not think I hear; for she never praises you much to me, for fear of increasing my blind adoration, I suppose.'

"Lilian smiled at him, and disappeared up the stairs. It was now becoming dark, and as he approached the stairs, a few minutes afterward, to hear what was said, his mother's voice, in a strange, eager tone, called from above,

"'*Bring me a light! Bring me a light!*'

"Then Graham saw his mother's old servant run quickly from her seat by the window, and light a tall taper on the toilet. She carried this up to her mistress, and found Graham on the stair on her return. She grasped his arm, and whispered fearfully,

"'Watch her! Watch her!'

"'He did watch, and saw—'

"For God's sake, Mr. Erle," I interrupted, "don't tell me what he saw—for I saw the same dreadful sight!"

"I have no doubt you did, since you say so; and because I have seen it myself."

We were silent for some moments, and then I asked if he knew any thing more of these people.

"Yes—the rest is well known to every one who lives within twenty miles. Graham Whinmore vowed not to remain under the same roof with his mother, after he had seen his wife's blackened corpse. His grief and resentment were quiet and enduring. He would not leave the corpse in the house; but before midnight had it carried to a summer-house in the shrubbery, where he watched beside it, and allowed no one to approach, except the old servant who figures in this story. She brought him food, and carried his commands to the household. From the day of Lilian's death till the day of her burial in the family vault at Whinmore Church, Graham guarded the summer-house where his wife lay, with his drawn sword as he walked by night round about. It was known that he would not allow the family jewels to be taken from the body, and that they were to be buried with it. Some say that he finally took them from the body himself, and buried them in the shrubbery, lest the undertakers, tempted by the sight of the jewels on the corpse, might desecrate her tomb afterward for the sake of stealing them. This opinion is supported by the fact that a portion of the shrubbery is haunted by the apparition of Graham Whinmore, in mourning garments, and with a drawn sword in his hand."

"Would you advise me to institute a search for those old jewels?" I asked, smiling.

"I would," said he. "But take no one into your confidence, Tom Whinmore. You may raise a laugh against you, if you are unsuccessful. And if you find them, and take them away—"

"Which I certainly should do," I interrupted.

"You will raise a popular outcry against you. The superstitious people will believe that you have outraged the ghost of your great-grandfather, who will become mischievous in consequence."

I saw the prudence of this remark, and it was agreed between us that we should do all the digging ourselves unknown to any one. I then asked how it was that I was descended from this unfortunate gentleman.

Mr. Erle's story continued thus:

"After his wife's funeral Graham Whinmore did not return to the Hall but went away to the south, and never came here again, not even to visit his mother on her death-bed, a year after. The last year of the wicked Lady Henrietta's life was very wretched, as you may suppose. Her besetting and cherished sins brought their own reward—and her crowning crime was avenged without the terror of the law. For it is said that every evening at sunset the apparition of her murdered daughter-in-law came before her, wearing the rich dress which was so dear to the proud woman; and that she was compelled to repeat the cruel act, and to hear her screams and the farewell curses of her adored son. The servants all left the Hall in affright; and no one lived with the wicked lady except the faithful old servant, Margaret Thirlston, who staid with her to the last, followed her to the grave, and died soon after.

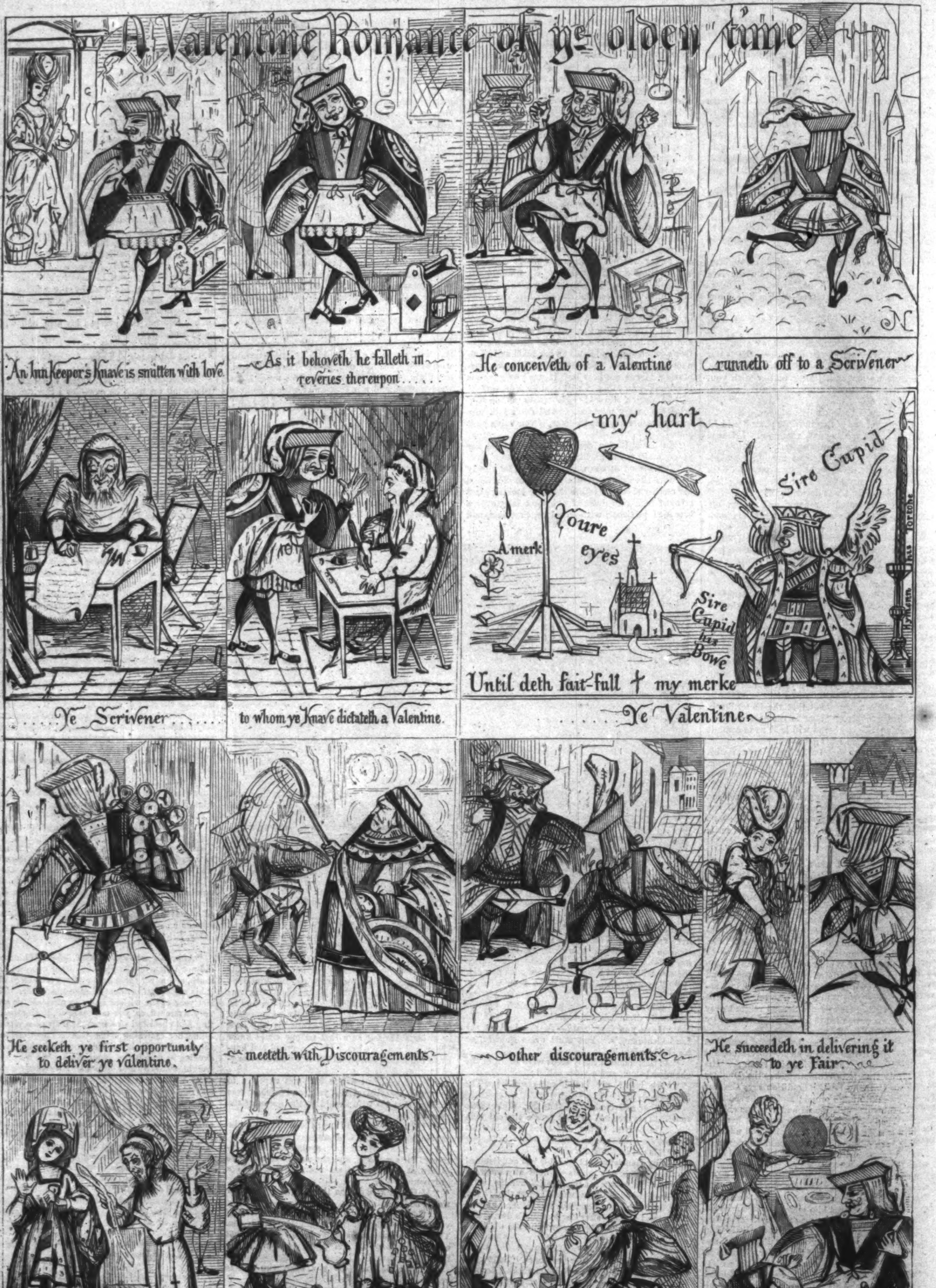
"Her son and his wife were sought for by Jane Whinmore on her arrival here. She gave them a home, and every thing they wanted as housekeeper and farm-manager at the Hall. And at the death of Giles Thirlston, his son Ralph became farm-manager in his place. He continued there till 't' Leddy's' death, when he settled at the little wayside inn which you have seen, and which he calls 'Leddy Jane's Gift.'"

* * * * * * *

I have but little more to say. Mr. Erle and I sought long for the hidden treasure. We found it, after reading a letter secreted in the escritoire, addressed to 'My youngest nephew's youngest son.' In that letter directions were given for recovering the hidden jewels of the family. They were buried outside the garden fence, on the open moor, on the very spot where I can swear I saw the figure of a man with a sword—my great-grandfather, Graham Whinmore.

After I married, we came to live in the south; and I took every means to let my little estate of Whinmore. To my regret the Hall has never found a tenant, and it is still without a tenant after these twenty-five years.

A Valentine Romance of ye olden time


my hart
Youre eyes
A merk
Sire Cupid
Sire Cupid his Bowe
Hymenn his torche
Until deth fait-full ✝ my merke

An Inn Keeper's Knave is smitten with love.

As it behoveth he falleth in reveries thereupon.....

He conceiveth of a Valentine

runneth off to a Scrivener

.....Ye Scrivener.....

to whom ye Knave dictateth a Valentine.

Ye Valentine

He seeketh ye first opportunity to deliver ye Valentine.

meeteth with Discouragements.

other discouragements.

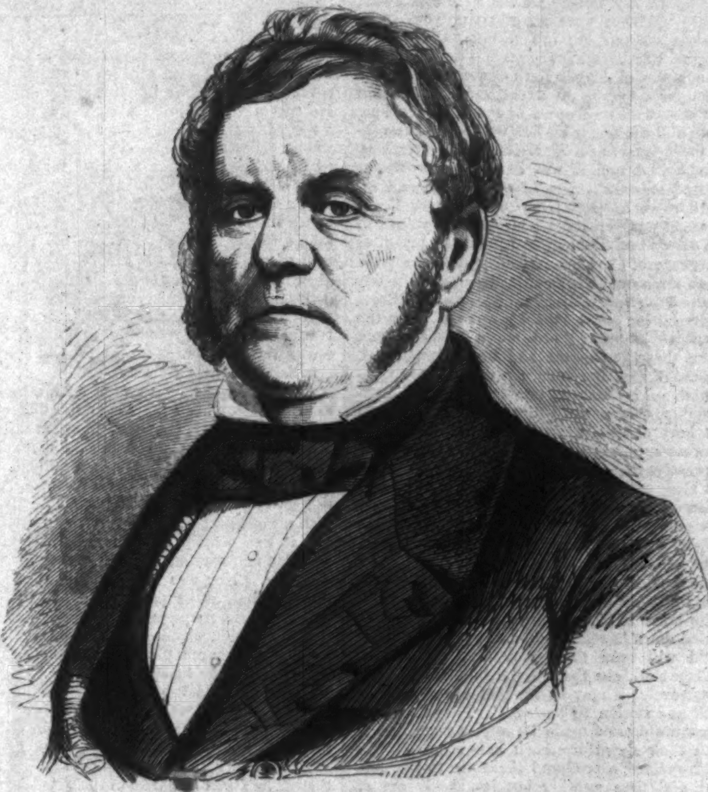
He succeedeth in delivering it to ye Fair.

Ye Fair not being skilled in reading goeth to ye Scrivener who interpreteth it (for her.)

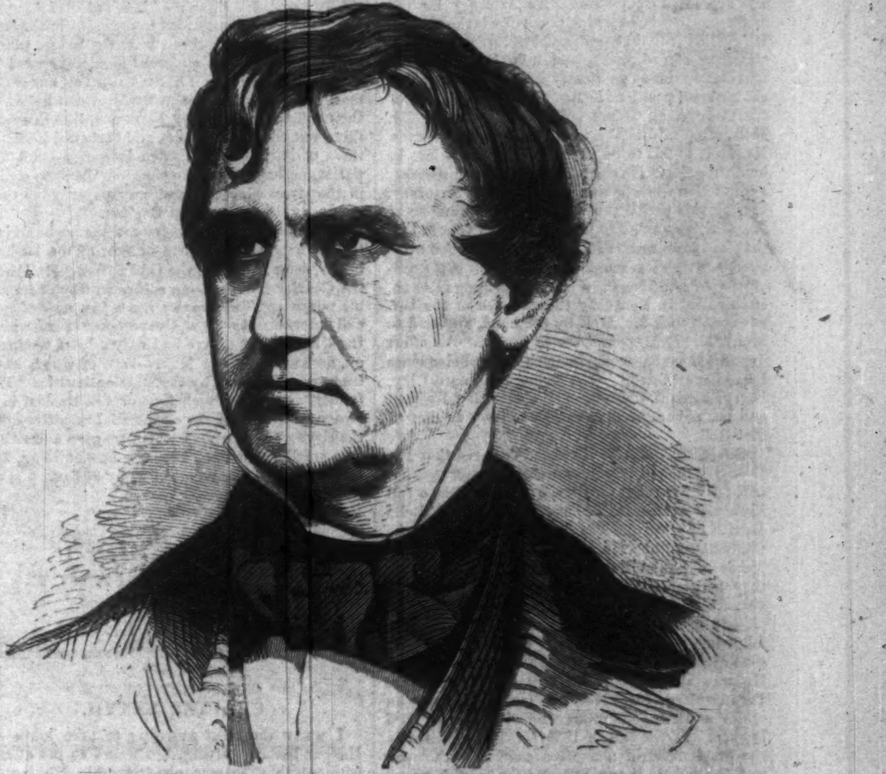
Open Courship is ye result

followed by Marriage

and Happiness



GOVERNOR THOMAS H. HICKS, OF MARYLAND.



HON. JOSEPH HOLT, SECRETARY OF WAR.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

GOV. HICKS, OF MARYLAND.

WE know of no man who occupies a more prominent position at the present time than the Governor of the State of Maryland, whose portrait we publish herewith. To his wise and patriotic action, in firmly resisting the tide of partisan feeling in his State, he has so far averted civil war, and preserved Maryland as a nucleus about which, if politic counsels prevail, our glorious Union may be preserved. As a representative man of the times, he should be held up as worthy of imitation by all who desire to aid in the perpetuation of the liberties which have given us so prominent a place among the nations of the earth.

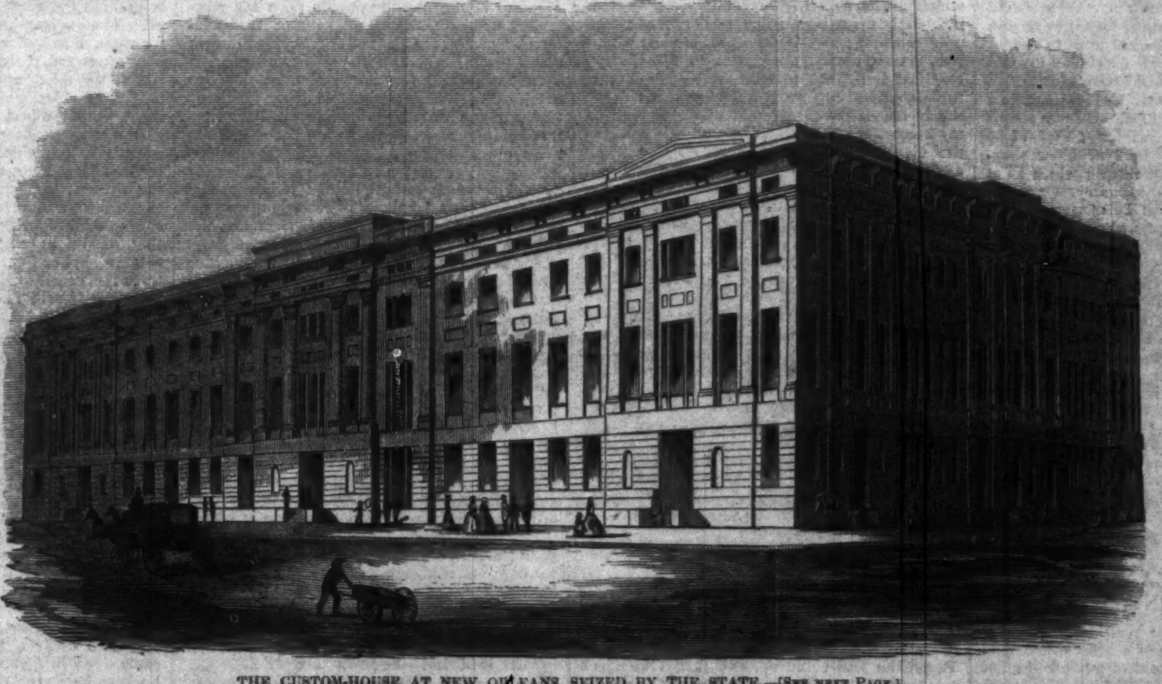
Thomas Holliday Hicks was born in Dorchester County, Maryland, on the second day of September, 1798. His parents were plain, respectable people. His father was a mechanic, but late in life became a land-owner and farmer. Owing to his straitened circumstances, Governor Hicks, the eldest of a large family of children, was compelled to perform constant manual labor in the work-shop and on the farm. This mode of life he followed until he reached the age of twenty-two years; in the mean while utterly deprived of the means of education now so freely offered to every one.

When he reached the age of twenty-two he was appointed a constable for one of the districts of his county; which position he filled faithfully during two years, when he was, without his knowledge, nominated as a candidate for sheriff of the county by the Democratic party of that day. Though that party was then largely in the minority, Governor Hicks defeated his Federal opponent by a handsome majority—that opponent being, too, one of the most popular men in the county, and himself being the youngest man ever elected in that county to fill the important office of sheriff.

In 1829 the Adams party, to which he had attached himself, elected him to the Legislature; and he was returned to that position in the following year. In 1831 he was elected a member of the Electoral College, the duties of which was to choose the State Senators. In 1836 he was again elected to that office; and while in the discharge of his duties at Annapolis he was again elected to the Legislature. This was the exciting period when the nineteen Democratic Electors, by refusing to meet the Electoral College, came very near subverting the Government of the State. In the following year he was again elected to the Legislature, and was made a member of the Governor's Council, which position he held until the Council was abolished. He was then appointed Register of Wills for Dorchester County. In 1844 he was reappointed to that office, and served six years. In the mean while he was elected a member of the Constitutional Convention, by which the office of Register of Wills was made elective. Subsequently, the incumbent of the office having died, he was induced to accept the appointment at the hands of the Orphans' Court, and at the next regular election he was elected Register of Wills, which office he held until 1857, when he was nominated for Governor by the American party, to which he had attached himself, and was elected by a large majority. It is not a little remarkable that, notwithstanding the fluctuations of party strength in his county and in the State, he never was defeated at a popular election but once—in 1851—when he was nominated, against his wishes, as the Whig candidate for Lottery Commissioner. In every election at which he has been a candidate he has always led the poll in his own county. This fact is abundant evidence of the great popularity he has always enjoyed among those who knew him best.

In person he is about the medium height, thick-set, with iron-gray hair and side-whiskers, and a countenance and mien indicative of the utmost firmness of character. That he is possessed of an iron will is sufficiently indicated by his present position in reference to the crisis. It is that peculiarity which has so deservedly earned for him the soubriquet of "Old Cæsar."

Although now the object of severe abuse among his political opponents, on account of his conservative position, he is cordially indorsed by a large majority of the best men in Maryland; and when the smoke of the serious conflict in which we are now engaged shall roll, it will, we think, be difficult to find an unprejudiced man who will refuse to laud him for his honest efforts to avert the terrible calamities which overshadow us.

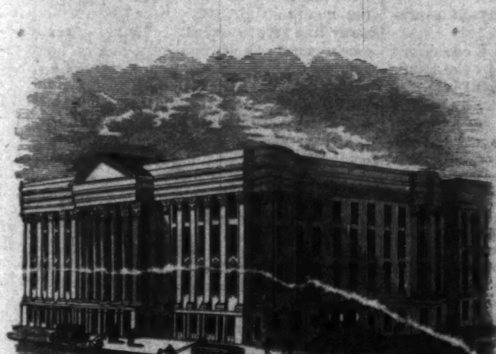


THE CUSTOM-HOUSE AT NEW ORLEANS, SEIZED BY THE STATE.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

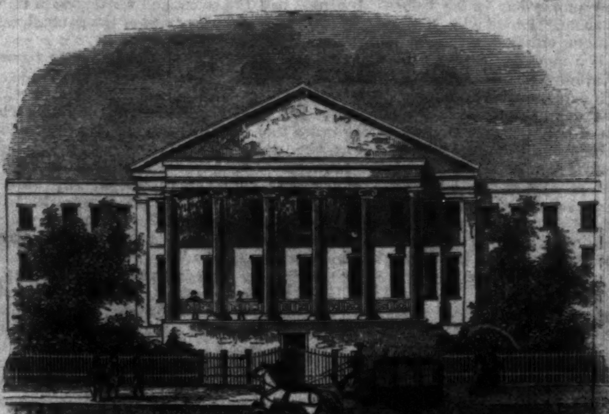
JOSEPH HOLT,

SECRETARY OF WAR.

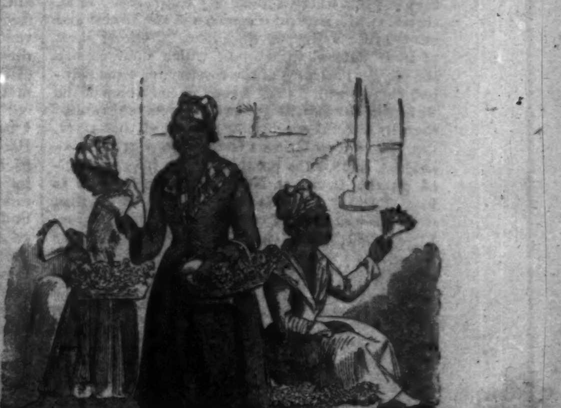
THE distinguished occupant of the War Department of the United States was born in 1807, in Breckinridge County, Kentucky. His parents were poor, but he managed, by great industry and energy, to obtain a good education. He was educated a part of the time at St. Joseph's College, Bardstown, and the remainder of his college life was spent in Centre College, Danville. In 1828 he commenced the practice of law at Elizabethtown, Kentucky; and he removed to Louisville in the winter of 1831-'32. In 1832, he was sent as a delegate to a Democratic Convention, held in Harrodsburg, Kentucky; and in that body he made a speech that gave him a wide-spread reputation through-



ST. CHARLES HOTEL, NEW ORLEANS.



THE MINT AT NEW ORLEANS, SEIZED BY THE STATE.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



FLOWER-GIRLS AT NEW ORLEANS.

out the State. In the early part of 1833 Mr. Holt was appointed Commonwealth's Attorney for the Jefferson Circuit, of which Louisville is the capital. He carried into that position that integrity, labor, clearness of judgment, and inflexible resolution that have been so eminently displayed by him in the national positions he has filled. The Sheriff of the County, an ardent political opponent of Mr. Holt, often said to the writer that he never knew Mr. Holt to fail to be prepared for trial while he held the office. He scarcely ever failed in securing a conviction while he was "Prosecuting" Attorney. During this period the writer heard a number of Mr. Holt's speeches to juries, and then believed all that had been said of his eloquence. On one occasion the writer was standing by Mr. Holt at the conclusion of an address to a jury, when Judge Rowan, often called in Kentucky the monarch of the bar, advanced, took Mr. Holt by the hand, and said to him, "Mr. Holt, permit me to say that the effort just made is the finest specimen of legal eloquence I have ever heard." The writer has heard Clay, Barry, Bledsoe, Crittenden, Webster, and Everett, and has never heard as perfect oratory as that of Mr. Holt.

Governor James T. Morehead declared that Mr. Holt was the only Commonwealth's Attorney that faithfully wrote out for the Governor's office a full history of every case of conviction in the judicial district of which he was the representative of the Commonwealth. He so endeared himself to the people of Louisville that, with great unanimity, they petitioned for his reappointment. In the autumn of 1835 Mr. Holt removed to Mississippi, and opened an office at Port Gibson. In the following spring he removed to Vicksburg, and soon came into possession of an immense practice. He was almost constantly pitted against S. S. Prentiss, Esq. Mr. Holt was equally as great an orator as that gentleman, and his superior as a lawyer. In the fall of 1836 Mr. Holt assisted in the prosecution of a murder case in Vicksburg, and thrilled the community by the terrible power with which he used a quotation from Macbeth. Homicide was then almost a daily affair in Mississippi, but this murder was peculiarly horrible. A wealthy planter had murdered his son in circumstances of great aggravation. The Prosecuting Attorney was in feeble health, and had a great array of legal talent against him. Mr. Holt volunteered his assistance. The report of a pistol was heard in the planter's inclosure, and the neighbors made their way into the premises. The son was found murdered, and the father had concealed the weapon. It was found under the head of his bed, still warm from the discharge. The father denied all knowledge of the deed, and insisted that the body of his son, still warm, should be lifted from the yard and buried. In allusion to the father's nonchalance and his audacity, Mr. Holt said that if the murdered son were then to rise with his gaping wound, the father, "albeit with chattering teeth, would exclaim, 'Thou canst not say I did it! Shake not thy gory locks at me!'" Those present say they never saw such an effect produced in a court-room. The murderer looked as though the orator had summoned the real scene to view.

Mr. Holt acquired an ample fortune by his profession, and returned to Louisville, in 1842, with a serious affection of his throat. In 1848 he made a trip to Europe and to the East. He was absent seventeen months. In the winter of 1856-'57 he removed to Washington. In 1857 he was appointed Commissioner of Patents, in which he at once won the confidence of the country.

In 1859, upon the death of Postmaster-General Brown, Mr. Holt was transferred to that department, the details of which he speedily mastered. His reports for 1859 and 1860 will compare favorably with any ever made by his predecessors.

In January, 1861, Mr. Holt was transferred to the War Department, upon the resignation of Mr. Floyd. The friends of the Union throughout the country hailed this appointment with great satisfaction, because they felt that whatever could be done by integrity, fidelity, and inflexible courage, would be done.

Mr. Holt has been married twice. His first wife was the daughter of Dr. Burr Harrison; the second, was the daughter of the Hon. C. A. Wickliffe. They were eminently lovely women, and deeply devoted to the subject of this sketch.

THE NEW ORLEANS CUSTOM-HOUSE, MINT, ETC.

Nature marked out the position of New Orleans as the inevitable site of a great commercial emporium. Although more than a hundred miles from the mouth of the Mississippi, it occupies the lowest point where a great city can stand. It is, therefore, the natural emporium of the largest and most fertile valley on the globe. Nothing short of some natural catastrophe which shall change the physical features of the country, or some political change which shall force the commerce of the Valley of the Mississippi to find some other outlet than its natural one by the mouths of that river, can reduce New Orleans from its present high position. In 1857 the products of the interior landed on the Levee at New Orleans amounted to $156,000,000. Of this $86,000,000—more than one-half—consisted of cotton; next came tobacco, $12,000,000; then sugar, $11,000,000. If the present duty on sugar is abolished, or materially reduced, the plantations of Louisiana must be ruined, and this article will no longer appear in the commercial statistics of New Orleans. The cotton trade of New Orleans has kept pace with its production, and must continue to do so. More than half the cotton products of the United States is shipped from this one port. In 1857, out of 2,940,000 bales, 1,435,000 were shipped from New Orleans, 509,000 from Mobile, 832,000 from Savannah, and 404,000 from Charleston. If "cotton is king," his court is at the Crescent City.

New Orleans shows every where traces of the two races—French and American—by whom it is chiefly peopled. Streets of low, red-tiled houses, lighted by lamps suspended from chains in the centre, are but a stone's-throw from the Levee, which presents a scene of commercial bustle exceeded in no city on the globe. The St. Charles, one of the most imposing of all the great American hotels, is thronged by Sellers of Flowers, like in every thing but their darky faces and turbaned heads to those of Paris. The French language—not the purest, perhaps—is as common on the shop-signs, in the street placards, and newspaper advertisements, as the more robust English.

Of public buildings there are many deserving special note, such as three or four of the leading hotels, some churches, the Odd Fellows' Hall, and the Charity Hospital—an edifice worthy of its noble purpose. Two, however, are just now of special interest: the New Custom-house, of which the United States have had only a brief occupancy, and the Branch Mint—both of which have been recently seized by the State authorities. The former, as will be seen by our illustration, is a structure worthy of the commercial importance of the city. The Mint, of which we give a drawing on a smaller scale, is likewise a fine building, 282 feet long, with two wings of 29 by 81 feet.

A DAY'S RIDE:

A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

By CHARLES LEVER.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

I went the next morning to take leave of Harpar before starting, but found to my astonishment that he was already off! He had, I learned, hired a small carriage to convey him to Bregenz, and had set out before daybreak. I do not know why this should have annoyed me, but it did so, and set me a thinking over the people whom Echstein, in his "Erfährungen," says, are born to be dupes. "There is," says he, "a race of men who are 'eingeboren narren'—'native numskulls,' one might say—who muddy the streams of true benevolence by indiscriminating acts of kindness, and who, by always aiding the wrong-doer, make themselves accomplices of vice." Could it be that I was in this barren category? Harpar had told me the evening before that he would not leave Lindau till his sprain was better, and now he was off, just as if, having no further occasion for me, he was glad to be rid of my companionship—just as if— I was beginning again to start another conjecture, when I bethought me that there is not a more deceptive formula in the whole cyclopedia of delusion than that which opens with these same words, "just as if." Rely upon it, amiable reader, that whenever you find yourself driven to explain a motive, to trace a cause, or reconcile a discrepancy, by "just as if," the chances are about seven to three that you are wrong. If I was not in all the bustle of paying my bill and strapping on my knapsack, I'd convince you on this head, as the morning is a bright, but mellow, one, of early autumn, and my path lies along the placid lake, waveless and still, with many a tinted tree reflected in its fair mirror. Let us not think of knaves and rogues, but rather dwell on the pleasanter thought of all the good and grateful things which daily befall us in this same life of ours. I am full certain that almost all of us enter upon what is called the world in too combative a spirit. We are too fond of dragon slaying, and rather than be disappointed of our sport, we'd fall foul of a pet lamb for want of a tiger. Call it self-delusion, credulity, what you will, it is a faith that makes life very livable, and, without it,

> We feel a light has left the world,
>   A nameless sort of treasure,
> As though one pluck'd the crimson heart
>   From out the rose of pleasure.
> I could forgive the fate that made
>   Me poor and young to-morrow,
> To have again the soul that played
>   So tenderly in sorrow,
> So buoyantly in happiness.
>   Ay, I would brook deceiving,
> And even the deceiver bless,
>   Just to go on believing!

"Still," thought I, "one ought to maintain self-respect; one should not willingly make himself a dupe." And then I began to wish that Väterchen had come up, and that Tintenfleck was rushing toward me with tears in her eyes, and my money-bag in her hands. I wanted to forget them. I tried in a hundred ways to prevent them crossing my memory; but though there is a most artful system of artificial memories invented by some one, the Lethean art has met no explorer, and no man has ever yet found out the way to shut the door against by-gones. I believe it is scarcely more than five miles to Bregenz from Lindau, and yet I was almost as many hours on the road. I sat down perhaps twenty times, lost in reverie; indeed, I'm not very sure that I didn't take a sound sleep under a spreading willow, so that when I reached the inn the company was just going in to dinner at the table d'hôte. Simple and unpretentious as that board was, the company that graced it was certainly distinguished, being no less than the Austrian field-marshal in command of the district, and the officers of his staff.

To English notions, it seemed very strange to see a nobleman of the highest rank, in the proudest state of Europe, seated at a dinner-table, open to all comers, at a fraction less than one shilling a head, and where some of the government officials of the place daily came.

It was not without a certain sense of shame that I found myself in the long, low chamber, in which about twenty officers were assembled, whose uniforms were all glittering with stars, medals, and crosses; in fact, to a weak-minded civilian like myself, they gave the impression of a group of heroes fresh come from all the triumphant glories of a campaign. Between the staff which occupied one end of the long table and the few townsfolk who sat at the other there intervened a sort of frontier territory uninhabited, and it was here that the waiter located me—an object of observation and remark to each. Resolving to learn how I was treated by my critics, I addressed the waiter in the very worst French, and protested my utter ignorance of German. I had promised myself much amusement from this expedient, but was doomed to a severe disappointment—the officers coolly setting me down for a servant, while the townspeople pronounced me a peddler; and when these judgments had been pronounced, instead of entering upon a psychological examination of my nature, temperament, and individuality, they never noticed me any more. I felt hurt at this, more indeed for their sakes than my own, since I bethought me of the false impression that is current of this people throughout Europe, where they have the reputation of philosophers deeply engaged in researches into character, minute anatomists of human thought and man's affections; "and yet," muttered I, "they can sit at table with one of the most remarkable of men, and be as ignorant of all about him as the husbandman who toils at his daily labor is of the mineral treasures that lie buried down beneath him.

"I will read them a lesson," thought I. "They shall see that in the humble guise of foot-traveler it may be the pleasure of men of rank and station to journey." The townsfolk, when the dessert made its appearance, rose to take their departure, each before he left the room making a profound obeisance to the general, and then another but less lowly act of homage to the staff, showing by this that strangers were expected to withdraw, while the military guests sat over their wine. Indeed, a very significant look from the last person who left the room conveyed to me the etiquette of the place. I was delighted at this—it was the very opportunity I longed for—and so, with a clink of my knife against my wine-glass, the substitute for a bell in use among humble hostels, I summoned the waiter, and asked for his list of wines. I saw that my act had created some astonishment among the others, but it excited nothing more, and now they had all lighted their pipes, and sat smoking away quite regardless of my presence. I had ordered a flask of Steinberger at six florins, and given most special directions that my glass should have a "roped rim," and be of a tender green tint, but not too deep to spoil the color of the wine.

My admonitions were given aloud, and in a tone of command, but I perceived that they failed to create any impression upon my mustached neighbors. I might have ordered nectar or hypocras for all that they seemed to care about me. I raked up in memory all the impertinent and insolent things Henri Heine had ever said of Austria; I bethought me how they tyrannized in the various provinces of their scattered empire, and how they were hated by Hun, Sclavon, and Italian; I reveled in those slashing leading articles that used to show up the great but bankrupt bully, and I only wished I was "own correspondent" to something at home to give my impressions of "Austria and her military system."

Little as you think of that pale, sad-looking stranger, who sits sipping his wine in solitude at the foot of the table, he is about to transmit yourselves and your country to a remote posterity. "Ay!" muttered I, "to be remembered when the Danube will be a choked up rivulet, and the park of Schönbrunn a prairie for the buffalo." I am not exactly aware how or why these changes were to have occurred, but Lord Macaulay's New Zealander might have originated them.

While I thus mused and brooded the tramp of four horses came clattering down the street, and soon after swept into the arched door-way of the inn with a rolling and thunderous sound.

"Here he comes—here he is at last!" said a young officer, who has rushed in haste to the window, and at the announcement a very palpable sentiment of satisfaction seemed to spread itself through the company, even to the grim old field-marshal, who took his pipe from his mouth to say,

"He is in time—he saves 'arrest!'"

As he spoke a tall man in uniform entered the room, and walking with military step till he came in front of the general, said, in a loud but respectful voice,

"I have the honor to report myself as returned to duty."

The general replied something I could not catch, and then shook him warmly by the hand, making room for him to sit down next him.

"How far did your royal highness go? Not to Coire?" said the general.

"Far beyond it, Sir," said the other. "I went the whole way to the Splugen, and if it were not for the terror of your displeasure, I'd have crossed the mountain and gone on to Chiavenna."

The fact that I was listening to the narrative of a royal personage was not the only bond of fascination to me, for somehow the tone of the speaker's voice sounded familiarly to my ears, and I could have sworn I had heard it before. As he was at the same side of the table with myself, I could not see him, but while he continued to talk the impression grew each moment more strong that I must have met him previously.

I could gather—it was easy enough to do so—from the animated looks of the party, and the repeated bursts of laughter that followed his sallies, that the newly-arrived officer was a wit and authority among his comrades. His elevated rank, too, may have contributed to this popularity. Must I own that he appeared in the character that to me is particularly offensive? He was a "narrator." That vulgar adage of "two of a trade" has a far wider acceptance when applied to the operations of intellect than when addressed to the work of men's hands. To see this jealousy at its height, you must look for it among men of letters, artists, actors, or, better still, those social performers who are the bright spirits of dinner-parties—the charming men of society. All the animosities of political or religious hate are mild compared to the detestation this rivalry engenders; and now, though the audience was a foreign one, which I could have no pretension to amuse, I conceived the most bitter dislike for the man who now engaged their attention.

I do not know how it may be with others, but to myself there has always been this difficulty in a foreign language, that until I have accustomed myself to the tone of voice and the manner of a speaker, I can rarely follow him without occasional lapses. Now, on the present occasion, the narrator, though speaking distinctly, and with a good accent, had a very rapid utterance, and it was not till I had familiarized my ear with his manner that I could gather his words correctly. Nor was my difficulty lessened by the fact that, as he pretended to be witty and epigrammatic, frequent bursts of laughter broke from his audience and obscured his speech. He was, as it appeared, giving an account of a fishing excursion he had just taken to one of the small mountain lakes near Peppenheim, and it was clear enough he was one who always could eke out an adventure of even the most ordinary incident of daily life.

This fishing story had really nothing in it, though he strove to make out fifty points of interest or striking situations out of the veriest commonplace. At last, however, I saw that, like a practiced story-teller, he was hoarding up his great incident for the finish.

"As I have told you," said he, "I engaged the entire of the little inn for myself; there were but five rooms in it altogether, and though I did not need more than two, I took the rest that I might be alone and unmolested. Well, it was on my second evening there, as I sat smoking my pipe at the door, and looking over my tackle for the morrow, there came up the glen the strange sound of wheels, and, to my astonishment, a traveling carriage soon appeared, with four horses driven in hand, and I saw in a moment it was a lohnkutscher, who had taken the wrong turning after leaving Ragatz, and mistaken the road, for the highway ceases about two miles above Peppenheim, and dwindles down to a mere mule-path. Leaving my host to explain the mistake to the travelers, I hastily re-entered the house, just as the carriage drove up. The explanation seemed a very prolix one, for when I looked out of the window, half an hour afterward, there were the horses still standing at the door, and the driver, with a large branch of alder, whipping away the flies from them, while the host continued to hold his place at the carriage door. At last he entered my room, and said that the travelers, two foreign ladies—he thought them Russians—had taken the wrong road, but that the elder, what between fatigue and fear, was so overcome that she could not proceed farther, and entreated that they might be afforded any accommodation—mere shelter for the night—rather than retrace their road to Ragatz.

"'Well,' said I, carelessly, 'let them have the rooms on the other side of the hall; so that they only stop for one night, the intrusion will not signify.' Not a very gracious reply, perhaps, but I did not want to be gracious. The fact was, as the old lady got out, I saw something like an elephant's leg, in a fur boot, that quite decided me on not making acquaintance with the travelers, and I was rash enough to imagine they must be both alike. Indeed, I was so resolute in maintaining my solitude undisturbed, that I told my host on no account whatever to make me any communication from the strangers, nor on any pretext to let me feel that they were lodged under the same roof with myself. Perhaps, if the next day had been one to follow my usual sport, I should have forgotten all about them, but it was one of such rain as made it perfectly impossible to leave the house. I doubt if I ever saw rain like it. It came down in sheets, like water splashed out of buckets, flattening the small trees to the earth, and beating down all the night foliage into the muddy soil beneath; meanwhile the air shook with the noise of the swollen torrents, and all the mountain streams crashed and thundered away like great cataracts. Rain can really become grand at such moments, and no more resembling a mere shower than the cry of a single brawler in the street is like the roar of a mighty multitude. It was so fine that I determined I would go down to a little wooden bridge over the river, whence I could see the stream as it came down, tumbling and splashing, from a cleft in the mountain. I soon dressed myself in all my best water-proofs—hat, cape, boots, and all—and set out. Until I was fully embarked on my expedition I had no notion of the severity of the storm, and it was with considerable difficulty I could make head against the wind and rain together, while the slippery ground made walking an actual labor.

"At last I reached the river, but of the bridge the only trace was a single beam, which, deeply buried in the bank at one extremity, rose and fell in the surging flood, like the arm of a drowning swimmer. The stream had completely filled the channel, and swept along, with fragments of timber, and even furniture, in its muddy tide farm produce, and implements too, came floating by, showing what destruction had been effected higher up the river. As I stood gazing on the current, I saw, at a little distance from me, a man standing motionless beside the river, and apparently lost in thought; so at least he seemed, for though not at all clad in a way to resist the storm, he remained there, wet and soaked through, totally regardless of the weather. On inquiring at the inn, I learned that this was the lohnkutscher—the 'vetturino'—of the travelers, and who, in attempting to ascertain if the stream were fordable, had lost one of his best horses, and barely escaped being carried away himself. Until that I had forgotten all about the strangers, whom, it now appeared, were close prisoners like myself. While the host was yet speaking, the lohnkutscher came up, and in a tone of equality that showed me he thought I was in his own line of business, asked if I would sell him one of my nags then in the stable.

"Not caring to disabuse him of his error regarding my rank, I did not refuse him so flatly as I might, and he pressed the negotiation very warmly in consequence. At last, to get rid of him, I declared that I would not break up my team, and retired into the house. I was not many minutes in my room when a courier came with a polite message from his mistress to beg I would speak with her. I went at once, and found an old lady—she was English, as her French bespoke, very well mannered and well bred—who apologized for troubling me, but having heard from her vetturino that my horses were disengaged, and that I might, if not disposed to sell one of them, hire out the entire team, to take their carriage as far as Andeer—By the time she got thus far, I perceived that she, too, mistook me for a lohnkutscher. It just struck me what good fun it would be to carry on the joke. To be sure, the lady herself presented no inducement to the enterprise, and as I thus balanced the case, there came into the room one of the prettiest girls I ever saw. She never turned a look toward where I was standing, nor deigned to notice me at all, but passed out of the room as rapidly as she entered; still, I remembered that I had already seen her before, and passed a delightful evening in her company at a little inn in the Black Forest."

When the narrator had got thus far in his story, I leaned forward to catch a full view of him, and saw, to my surprise, and I own to my misery, that he was the German count we had met at the Titi-see. So overwhelming was this discovery to me that I heard nothing for many minutes after. All of that wretched scene between us on the last evening at the inn came full to my memory, and I bethought me of lying the whole night on the hard table, fevered with rage and terror alternately. If it were not that his narrative regarded Miss Herbert now, I would have skulked out of the room and out of the inn, and out of the town itself, never again to come under the insolent stare of those wicked gray eyes, but in that name there was a fascination—not to say that a sense of jealousy burned at my heart like a furnace.

The turmoil of my thoughts lost me a great deal of his story, and might have lost me had not the hearty laughter of his comrades recalled me once again to attention.

He was describing how, as a "vetturino," he drove their carriage with his own spanking gray horses to Coire, and thence to Andeer. He had bargained, it seems, that Miss Herbert should travel outside on the cabriolet, but she failed to keep her pledge, so that they only met at stray moments during the journey. It was in one of these she said, laughingly, to him,

"'Nothing would surprise me less than to learn, some fine morning, that you were a prince in disguise, or a great count of the empire at least. It was only the other day we were honored with the incognito presence of a royal personage; I do not exactly know who, but Mrs. Keates could tell you. He left us abruptly at Schaffhausen.'

"'You can't mean the creature,' said I, 'that I saw in your company at the Titi-see.'

"'The same,' said she, rather angrily.

"'Why, he is a saltimbanque: I saw him the morning I came through Constance with some others of his troop dragged before the maire for causing a disturbance in a cabaret; one of the most consummate impostors, they told me, in Europe.'"

"An infamous falsehood, and a base liar the man who says it," cried I, springing to my legs, and standing revealed before the company in an attitude of haughty defiance. "I am the person you have dared to defame. I have never assumed to be a prince, and as little am I a rope-dancer. I am an English gentleman traveling for his pleasure, and I hurl back every word you have said of me with contempt and defiance."

Before I had finished this insolent speech, some half-dozen swords were drawn and brandishing in the air, very eager, as it seemed, to cut me to pieces, and the count himself required all the united strength of the party to save me from his hands. At last, I was pushed, hustled, and dragged out of the room to another smaller one on the same floor, and the key being turned on me, left to my very happy reflections.

SNAKE STORIES.

I WAS in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington one torrid August afternoon.

I had examined the exterior of the building, with its spurious Early English arches and windows, and its dark red stone that almost looked like chocolate. A very spurious ponderous Castle of Otranto piece of Gothic it is, I must say. Indeed, Gothic does not thrive in America, and our audacious unmedieval people take much more kindly to Corinthian pillars of white marble, fine Palladian windows, and other anti-Ruskin enormities.

As I stood looking at the snakes, secured there in their crystal prison, two rough-looking people from Wisconsin came up.

They had both of them, Saul and Moses, often killed rattlesnakes, "any quantity of them," in the woods of Kentucky, whence they both came—but I had better give the matter, as nearly as I can, in their own language.

"Lor, stranger," said Moses, "I've killed a heap of snakes about the Green River—yes, sure; and on the Mississippi banks, yes, I guess, a few. I remember once when I was—yes—hunting barrs one day in a cane-brake down at Green River, that some one saying something about snakes, put the darned spiteful critters all at once in my mind, and I began to feel kinder scared, and my hat to kinder lift up off my head, as if my hair had turned to wire, for just then I heern an awful hissing, like an angry cat, and then the buzz of a rattle going so fast that it seemed to show double, like a tight string when you twang it backward and forward with your finger. Lor a mercy, what a leap I did make backward!—seventeen feet if it was an inch—a caution to Blondin, I guess. Blue flugins, well my! if there warn't a snake coiled up under a hickory-tree, with its head up, its eye like a big diamond on fire, and its rattle tattling like castanets gone mad. Now, stranger, you must know the rattlesnake don't leap, like other snakes, and that's a kinder blessing to us 'Mericans, so I drew back another two feet or so, fired both barrels of my gun, which happened to be loaded, slap into his coils, and then finished him with a 'stockdologer' from a sassafras bough—wopped him to pieces—fact—yes, Sir. When I cut off his rattles I found he had fifteen rows of 'em, and one of these, 'cute people say, comes every year, so that tarnation varmint must have been fifteen year going about the world doing mischief! Wonder how many Christians he had slaughtered!"

On further questioning Saul and Moses, I found that on opening this same rattlesnake's mouth he had discovered a white slime, which he believed to be the poison, oozing through the hollow teeth, behind which the serpent carries his small pouches of portable death. The teeth, as he tried to explain to me, and as indeed I knew it already from actual examination, acted at once as lancets and injectors. They puncture a wound, and at the same instant that they punch two equidistant holes, project into them the poison. Providence, when it gave the bull its crescent horns, the stag its antlers, the bear its paws, and the tiger its teeth, gave the snake, in these hollow fangs, weapons of offense and of defense not less terrible.

The rattlesnake, Moses assured me, seldom, except perhaps when it had its young round it, pursued its enemy; always, if possible, stole away and avoided the combat; but, if trod on by the hunter, or driven into a corner whence it was impossible for it to escape, it instantly flew at the unlucky intruder.

Was there any cure for a rattlesnake bite? I had heard that eau de luce was thought a specific in India in cases of bites from the dreaded cobra, or hooded snake, of Hindostan.

"Wa'al," answered Moses, "I tell you what, Mister; a bite from a rattlesnake is always 'a cawshun,' that's sure; but there is one thing that is good for it, if taken in time, and that's whisky."

Then Moses went on to tell me many instances of the efficacy of whisky; and I have read in the newspapers numerous cases in which whisky had proved a remedy in dangerous snake bites. Saul now came forward, and speaking up very nasally, but still like a man, told us a story of an old "niggur" on his father's plantation "daown South," somewhere near Jackson's landing on the Mississippi, who had saved himself in this way after a bite. Directly after the fangs went in he tied a handkerchief above the place (it was in his leg), and washed the punctures first with water and then with whisky: for already it began to swell and feel sore. He then drank off all the rest of the bottle till he was quite drunk—it always in these cases takes more whisky than usual to make a man drunk—and then staggered home. Next morning he awoke with his leg swollen and sore, but otherwise as well as usual; and in a week or two he was quite recovered, and able to go about at cotton hoeing.

Moses backed up this narrative by assuring me that once, riding through a Kentucky forest, a rattlesnake bit a chestnut mare he was on, in the off hind leg, just above the pastern. He instantly got off, washed the wound with whisky, and poured a drench into the mare's mouth. She winced, kicked a little, and shuddered as if her blood were chilled; but next day she was all well again, and three weeks afterward she won a trotting match at Nashville.

Saul here interposed, and snatching me out of the hand of Moses, drew my attention to the fact of the rattlesnake's being unable to leap like the puff-adder or the cotton-mouth. This rendered the rattlesnake much more harmless than it otherwise would have been.

This fact, indeed, rendered it easy to escape from a rattlesnake when you came suddenly upon it in a wood for instance, by a leap backward. A story is told relative to this. On one occasion General Jackson was bivouacking by night during the war, in a log hut which the troops had found in a lonely wood. The general and his suite had hardly well settled down to sleep when a tremendous and multitudinous hissing showed them that a whole army of rattlesnakes was sheltering itself in the room below. Indeed, by the light of a blazing pine knot they could look down between the gaping planks of the floor, and see the "sarpents" coiling and hissing, like so many eels in the well of a punt. The suite instantly "made tracks," and cleared out to light a fire in the open air, or sleep round the fires the soldiers had already lighted. The general, calm and unshaken, well knowing the constitution of rattlesnakes and their manners, having ascertained that the floor he lay on was too far above them for the snakes to reach, and knowing they could not leap, lay down on the planks, and, though hissed to sleep, enjoyed one of the best night's rest he obtained during the war.

I asked Moses about the cotton-mouth snake: having told him, in return for his information, a story about "the barber's pole" of Jamaica—a snake striped alternately with black and vermilion—and also about a certain snake of South America, whose bite is so deadly that no one was ever yet known to survive it.

Moses hereupon told me that the cotton-mouth was a snake very common in Carolina and elsewhere. It was remarkable for the fact of the inside of its mouth being covered with a white, woolly filament resembling cotton. Its bite was peculiarly deadly. As to the whisky theory, the presumption among the planters who used the remedy was, that the virus of the snake exercised a certain chilling, paralyzing effect over the blood, which eventually, if unchecked, would retard the circulation so much as to produce death. The poison, too, appeared to have a dangerous local effect. There had been cases where persons recovering from snake bites had had the wounds turn into running sores, which had remained painful and unhealable for months.

I need not say that our agreeable conversation ended as many Western conversations do end. Saul and Moses cut themselves fresh "plugs," put their hands in their pockets, and strolled off toward a case of stuffed birds—among which the black and orange oriole was specially conspicuous—without bow, nod, or any other customary parting salutation. But I had learned to bear with these harmless things: if traveling does not teach one toleration, what will teach one?

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